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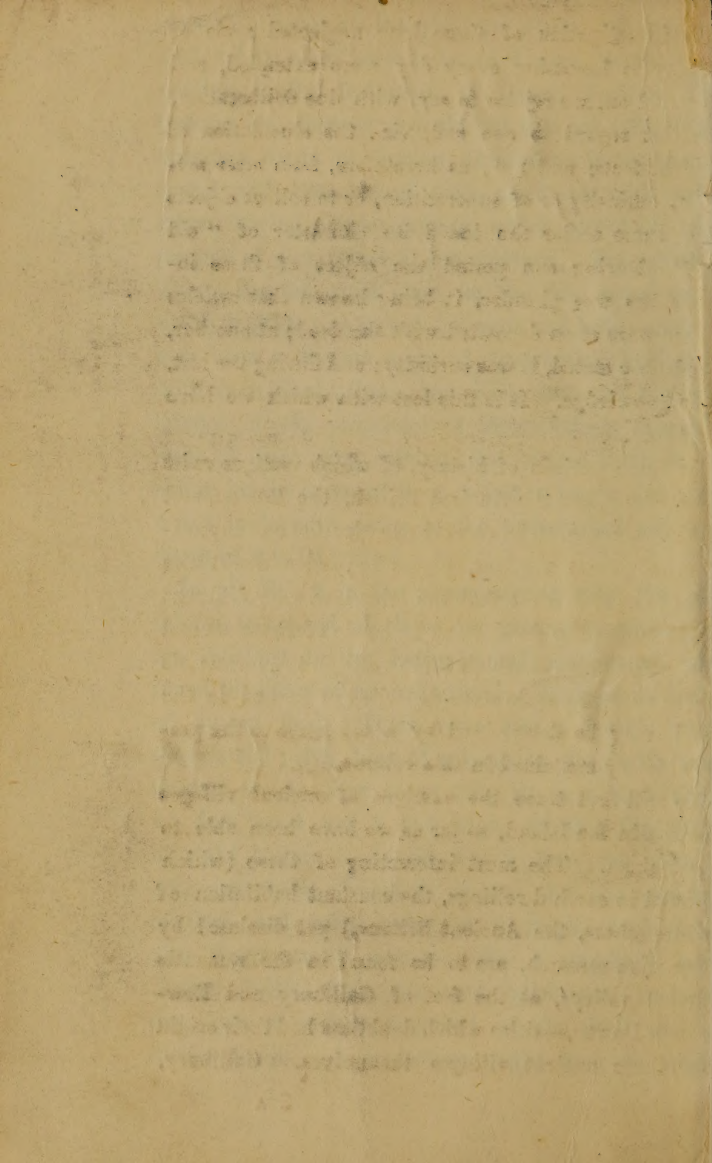












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THE  
TOPOGRAPHY OF THE ISLAND.

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Printed and Published by J. H. P. 1850

GRAND HOTEL DE LA BANCHE

*Briddon's New Hand-Book*

BRIDDON'S  
NEW HAND-BOOK  
TO THE  
ISLE OF WIGHT:

CONTAINING  
EVERY INFORMATION NECESSARY TO THE TOURIST.

BY  
W. H. D. ADAMS, ESQ.,  
*Author of the "Garden Isle."*

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PRICE, WITH MAP, 1s. 6d.

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RYDE: JAMES BRIDDON.  
1857.





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# The Topography of the Island.

"Places of nestling green for poets made."

LEIGH HUNT.

"I will rest in hope

To see wide plains, fair trees, and lawny slope;  
The morn, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers;  
Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers."

KEATS.

---

## CHAP. I.

### PREFATORY.

THE Isle of Wight may be said with justice to be the realization of the poet's dream of a Calypso's Isle. Every variety of Scenery has been bestowed by Nature on this favoured spot. The lofty down, the precipitous cliff, the winding rivulet, the elm-shadowed valley—all the phases of Natural Beauty adorn the Garden-Isle. Whatever the idiosyncrasy of the individual, he may find something here to move his wonder or extort his admiration. The worshipper of the Sublime may gaze with awe, from cliffs seven hundred feet in height, upon the sea that tumbles in foamy spray beneath. He who adores the Picturesque, who sympathizes with the gentler beauties of Nature, may wander through leafy lanes, embowered in venerable trees; or roam through

glens of romantic loveliness; or trace the serpentine course of some "silvery stream;" or gather the blossomy wealth of some fragrant meadow. On the pebbly beach he may while away the summer hours in contemplation of the Eternal Ocean.—Yes: all the jewels of Nature's Treasury are scattered here profusely. The Happy Island of the Antique World could offer no purer Elysium, no sweeter solitude. And, happily for the tourist, no railway as yet profanes the quiet of its vales. Nature is undisturbed in her loveliness, in her sublimity. The winds that roam through the island-dells, and storm across the island-hills,—that stir the white crests of the Solent, or agitate into anger the broad waters of the Channel,—bear no loud whistle, no whirr of ceaseless wheels, to scare the Naiad from her haunts, or the Oread from her groves! May it ever be so! Here methinks, something of the Ancient Faith still lingers—

"The light that never was on land or sea,  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Here, one might well believe the Water Spirit still sleeked her glossy tresses in the fountain; here, one might well believe Hyperion still "harped loudly in the vales," and Pan joyously piped to dancing Nymphs in the sequestered shade of some still meadow. Here, of a truth, the poet may still have some bright glimpses of the sea,

"And hear old Triton blow his many wreathèd horn!"

The contrast between the northern and southern shores of the Island is specially remarkable. On the north, you have a gentle slope, kissed by the waters of the Solent, which are seldom stirred to any grand manifestation of power;

"The bowery shore  
Goes off in gentle windings to the hoar  
And light blue mountains;"—

even to the very margin of the Sea stretch the deep woods and balmy meadows—all is gentle, picturesque, subdued and calm; but on the southern shore, Nature

assumes her terrors! A black precipitous barrier of cliffs opposes the stormy billows of the Channel! Scarce a tree breaks the bleak barrenness of the scene! Here and there, some foamy rill having channelled a narrow path through the gaping soil, sweeps onward to the cliffs, and through a dark ravine tumbles headlong upon the shore! Occasionally, the coast curves inward; at either extremity terminated by a rocky promontory, against which the billows ceaselessly leap in wrath, while, within the bay, how tranquilly the waters sleep! But where poets have vainly essayed and painters fruitlessly attempted, to picture the many beauties of this loveliest of Ocean's Daughters, how can I hope to succeed? The Isle of Wight is rich in beauty: in beauty peculiar to itself, as well as in the charms that, more or less, adorn other favored spots.

Some twenty-three miles in length, some twelve in breadth\*—with a superficial area of 98,320 acres, and a population of 55,000 souls—the Isle of Wight is no unimportant appendage to the mother country. In its Legislature it is represented by one member, while the capital town of Newport is represented by two. Newtown, now a small hamlet, and Yarmouth, a town of little importance, were disfranchised in 1831; but they still, in common with the ancient and decayed corporation of Brading, preserve many of the privileges of Boroughs. It possesses, also, the rapidly increasing town of Ryde, situated on its northern coast, 5 miles from Portsmouth; Ventnor, the Madeira of England, on the south eastern shore; and Cowes, at the mouth of the Medina, about 15 miles from Southampton.

Its principal river I have already named—the Medina,—so called from its division of the island, into two equal parts or Hundreds, the East and West Medina; rises near St. Catherine's Hill, and after a course of about 15 miles, broadens into an arm of the Solent† at Cowes. The Yar, rises near Freshwater Gate, and nearly cuts off the western extremity of the Island: it joins the Solent at Yarmouth. Another Yar, or Yare rises in the southern Downs, at Niton, and after a serpentine course, empties itself into the sea at Brading Haven. These streams scarcely deserve the appellation of Rivers; being seldom above four or five feet in width, and, perhaps, of an equal depth.

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\* According to Sir H. Englefield, the exact length is twenty-two miles and five furlongs; the breadth, thirteen miles and three furlongs.

† Solent, from Solve, to loosen,



From east to west stretches an elevated range of hills—called by the Islanders, dunes or downs—occasionally rising to a height of 400 feet above the sea-level. In the East Medina, a still higher range branches off from this main-range,—it stretches to the south, where it terminates abruptly about a mile from the sea-shore, over-hanging the luxurious groves and meadows of the Undercliff. At the western extremity, the main-range—to which I have referred—terminates in a precipitous promontory, some seven hundred feet in height, known as the Needles Point.

Various headlands jut out on the eastern and southern shores, the Culvers, Dunnose, Rocken End, and Atherfield Point; on the west, the Needles and Headon Point. Between the Culvers and Dunnose sweeps the gentle curve of Sandown Bay. Alum Bay lies sheltered between the Needles and Headon Point. Brixton Bay is formed by an indentation of the south-western coast, corresponding to Thorness Bay on the north-west.

I must not omit to notice the *Chines*, as in the island-dialect are called certain singular chasms in the cliffs, produced by the continual action of rivulets on a yielding soil. These, in the proper place, will be minutely described and illustrated: the principal are Shanklin and Luccombe on the eastern coast: Blackgang, Brook, Compton, and Cowleaze on the southern. The word “chine” is probably derived from *χαίρω*, to cleave asunder.

The Isle of Wight is divided into two parts, nearly equal in extent, by the river Medina: the Hundreds or Liberties of East and West Medina.

*East Medina* is subdivided into fourteen parishes: Brading, St. Helen's, Yaverland, Shanklin, Bonchurch, Newchurch, St. Lawrence, Whitwell, Niton, Godshell, Arreton, Binstead, Wootton, and Whippingham.

*West Medina* contains sixteen parishes: Northwood, Newport, St. Nicholas, Carisbrooke, Gatcombe, Knighton, Chale, Shorwell, Brixton, Mottistone, Calbourne, Shalfleet, Brooke, Thorley, Yarmouth, and Freshwater.

Of the geological features of the Island, which offer an exhaustless source of study; its Botany, its Conchology, and its Natural History I shall treat hereafter. The amenity of its climate deserves a passing notice. Even in the winter, Ventnor offers a temperature precisely favorable to the invalid; while, at every season of the year, the Isle of Wight may be rendered available for the restoration or preservation of the health. Its air is invigorating, but not too keen; bland and gentle, but never enervating. Well, indeed, does it deserve the name of “The Garden Isle!”

## CHAP. II.

## RYDE AND ITS VICINITY.

## SECTION 1.

## RYDE: ITS HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION.



As the tourist crosses the Solent from Portsmouth, he sees before him a gentle ascent, luxuriously embowered in trees,—and, gleaming amid the leafiness, the white houses of Ryde sparkle upon his view. Stretching to the right lies a waving woodland, actually extending to “the pebbly margent of the sea,”—and over the wooded heights rise, in all their majesty, the royal towers of Osborne. To the left, winds the wood of Appley, bounded by the small headland of Sea View, and still farther to the west, the eye catches a passing glimpse of the sheltered roadstead of St. Helen’s.—At either end of the town of Ryde, he will note the two tall spires of Holy Trinity (on the east) and St. Thomas, (on the west) like guardian angels: one might fancy them watching over the fair town that crowns the wooded height. Up the steep hill, wind the broad thoroughfares of commerce; here on the shore, stretches the noble Esplanade; there the Pier flings itself, like a giant-arm, nearly half a mile into the sea; while nestling among the venerable trees are scattered the castellated mansion, or the Elizabethan villa, or the quaint fantastic edifices of the Modern School;—such is Ryde, as the tourist approaches it from the opposite shore.

1.—ITS HISTORY.] Originally, a straggling village occupied the low land lying at the bottom of the hill that is now crested with this busy town; and it was known to the Norman Lords of the Island as La Riche or La Rye. It was one of the three ports to which was confined all communication with the opposite shore, and, in the eighteenth year of the second Edward, was made the station of six men at night and two by day, (reduced to two men in 1638,) for the purpose of protecting the coast from hostile attacks. In the reign of the vacillating and unhappy Richard the 2nd, it was burnt to the ground.

The manor of Ryde belonged, at first, to the monks of Whorwell; but, when "Bluff King Hal" laid his despoiling hand on the Ecclesiastical Foundations, it passed (by gift of the crown, or through the intercession of Thomas Cromwell) into the Worsley family. How it became the property of the Dillingtons, there is no record; but as a Sir Robert Dillington had the command of the watch at Ryde and Knighton, *temp.* Charles 1., he was probably, also, Lord of the Manor. Sir John Dillington, his descendant, sold it at the close of the eighteenth century to Henry Player, Esq., and it has ever since been the inheritance of that wealthy and benevolent family.

In 1829, an Act of Parliament was passed, investing the control of the Town in a Board of Commissioners, elected by the inhabitants under certain restrictions. This Board, from the limitation of its powers and the peculiarities of its constitution, met with little favour in the eyes of a new generation, and another Act was obtained in 1854, which placed the management of the Town in the hands of twenty-seven Commissioners, elected by the rate-payers. Each Commissioner is required to possess property in the parish worth £1,000. Nine Commissioners go out in rotation yearly.

If there be a certain pleasure in tracing the rise and growth, or decline and fall, of great empires and potent nations, it is assuredly no uninteresting task to note the gradual steps by which the few, straggling huts grow into the village; the village into the hamlet; the hamlet into the corporate body,—or the wealthy borough,—or the flourishing resort of Fashion. The growth and deca-

dence of towns and cities are as certainly dependent on the operations of given Laws, as the phenomena of Nature.

Amongst what are called the Watering places of England—a very uncouth and unmeaning appellation, by the bye—scarcely any town has risen more rapidly into opulence than the town of Ryde. Not one hundred years ago, it consisted of two detached hamlets: Upper Ryde on the brow of a lofty hill, embowered in a very forest of venerable elms—and, at the foot of the hill, straggling along the shore, the village of Lower Ryde. When Fielding, the great novelist,—the immortal creator of “Parson Adams” and “Tom Jones,”—touched at Ryde, on his voyage to Lisbon, in 1753, he saw a meagre and squalid population, partly occupied in agricultural pursuits; partly, in a sea-faring life—with, of course, that prosecution of a contraband trade, common to all sea-side villages in the 18th century. A mighty expanse of mud, at low water, rendered the shore almost inaccessible.\* The track across this dreary marsh was

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Wyndham, in his Description of the Isle of Wight, (in 1793,) thus notices Ryde:—“Ryde is a populous village, and the principal thoroughfare from the Island to Portsmouth. It has two tolerable inns with chaises and whiskies: many decent lodgings are also to be hired in the place: and decked vessels or boats may be engaged on its quay, at ten minutes’ notice. The bathing here is not so good as at Cowes, as it is confined by the flatness of the shore to about four hours each tide: this occasions the proper time of bathing to vary every day. But the machine may always be employed for two hours each tide between six o’clock in the morning and three in the afternoon. While we made a pause at this village we were recommended to a wooden bench, about one hundred yards below the inn. We had hitherto been amused in this morning’s ride, with some transient and partial views of Spithead and of other parts of the sea, which runs between the Isle of Wight and Hampshire: but from this commanding seat, a full, extended and complete prospect of the whole length of Spithead, and of every anchored ship therein, burst suddenly and distinctly upon our enraptured sight. The field of nearly twelve acres at the upper end of which this seat is fixed, divides the upper village of Ryde from the lower. This field is backed, and flanked on the west side, with a thick grove

known but to a few of "the oldest inhabitants:" so that when Fielding desired to visit the village, he was "hoisted into a small boat, and being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with him through the mud, and placed him in a chair on the land!" Certes, no very pleasant introduction to a Fashionable Watering Place! At a later period, this nuisance had not been overcome. Marryatt, in his "Poor Jack," speaks of "the wherries that came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground." At that time, to the west of Ryde, spread extensive woody and venerable trees; to the east, as far as Appley, extended a dreary waste,—a barren plain,—once, doubtlessly, overflowed by the sea. This melancholy waste, afterwards, acquired a still more melancholy interest; for here, were rudely sepultured the bodies of the unhappy crew of the "Royal George," and the rough graves, unmarked by any memorial, were still visible, as slight elevations of the soil, some thirty years ago. The noble thoroughfares that now occupy this fatal spot preserve its memory in their names, with the slight alteration of "Dover" for "Duver."

But, by degrees, the salubrious climate of Ryde and its proximity to Portsmouth, attracted numerous visitors. Houses sprang up on every side. Street upon street gradually wound up the hill, and speedily connected the detached villages. Communication between Ryde and the mainland became more easy. Packet boats crossed the Solent at frequent intervals. The small causeway,

---

of lofty and flourishing elms that descend from the bench even to the water's edge, with the same gentle declivity as the field itself, the waving declination of which could be scarcely improved by the ingenuity of the most fashionable artist. It is a singular circumstance, that, though this field divides two parts of a populous village, yet the upper village is concealed from it by a strong shade; while the lower village is almost overlooked, from its being situated close to the water, and under a steep bank at the extremity of the field."



which had sufficed for the transit of the calves, lambs, sheep—the staple of its trade—from shore to boat, was replaced, in 1815, by a noble Pier. The tall spire of St. Thomas, in 1827, rose above the town. The Town Hall and Market reared their imposing frontage. In 1825, the slow and uncertain wherry gave place to the rapid and commodious steam boat. Hotels offered the visitor every accommodation. Schools, Boarding Houses, Baths, Libraries—all the usual adjuncts of a fashionable resort, sprung up and prospered. And as a climax to the good fortune of Ryde, in 1845, was established the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, whose Club House and its miniature Battery adorn the western shore. And now, Ryde is one of the most select, as it is certainly one of the best regulated and most decorous, of the Watering Places of England.

II.—ITS SECULAR EDIFICES.] Ryde is not without interest in an architectural point of view. *The Market House* is a handsome building, having a frontage to the South of 198 feet. The foundation stone was laid in 1829, by Dr. Lind: and the cope stone fixed on the first of June, 1831. The western wing is the Fish Market; the eastern is appropriated to the sale of poultry, fruit and vegetables. Over the centre, which was originally intended for a Corn Market, is a very spacious and elegant chamber, about sixty feet in length, called *The Town Hall*, which is generally used for the accommodation of Musical Entertainments and Public Meetings, and for the weekly Sitzings of the Police Magistrates. A portion of the western extremity is now appropriated to the Ryde Literary Institute: a flourishing Society consisting in 1856, of nearly 100 members.—*The Isle of Wight Philosophical Society*, also has commodious apartments in the rear: its Museum of Natural Curiosities and Antiquarian Memorials is exceedingly well selected, and possessed of peculiar interest as illustrative of the Island. This commodious edifice is certainly a memorial of the public spirit and general enlightenment of the Inhabitants of Ryde. It was designed by Mr. J. Sanderson.

In Melville Street, separated from that busy thoroughfare by a small court-yard enclosed by a rude dwarf wall, stands *The National School*, a plain and rustic looking erection, without the least pretensions to beauty of design or novelty of arrangement. In fact, the Architect, appears only to have studied simplicity of purpose.—The centre of the edifice is occupied by the Boys' Schoolroom; the eastern wing affords a Committee

Room, and an apartment for the instruction of Girls; the western wing is the Schoolmaster's Residence. The number of children educated in this useful institution were, in 1856, 150 boys and 90 girls. It is supported by voluntary contributions.

*The Theatre* is a very paltry, insignificant erection, well situated on one side of St. Thomas's Square, at the top of Union street.

*The Infirmary* is a large, unpretending edifice on the road to Ashey. Its receipts for the year ending September 30, 1855, amounted to no less a sum than £940 5s. 10d.; its expenditure to £784 18s. 8d. The total number of cases was 767:—viz, 124 In-patients; 643 Out-patients. Her Majesty and Prince Albert are the patrons; the president is the Earl of Yarborough. It is impossible to over-estimate the advantages of such an Institution, and it is to be hoped it will long continue to receive the generous support of the inhabitants of the Island.

*The Royal Victoria Yacht Club House* is a prominent feature on your right hand as you leave the Pier. It is not devoid of a certain grandeur of aspect; and commanding, as it does, a magnificent view of the channel—from the Nab Light on the East, to Southampton Water on the west, is specially appropriate as the rendezvous of the patrons of the right noble and right merry Art—of Yachting. The foundation stone was laid by H.R.H. the Prince Albert, on the 2nd of March, 1846; and it was completed in 1847. About the middle of August, when Ryde is alive with fashion and brilliant in the Summer sun, the Club holds a grand Regatta, which is remarkable for the number and swiftness of the competitive yachts. Its annual meetings have been occasionally honoured with the presence of Her Majesty. I may here add that the Town Regatta takes place about a month later.

The private houses and mansions of the Gentry scarcely call for notice. One characteristic, however, must be noticed: in the older streets almost every house is surrounded by a trim parterre, and the happy inhabitant may rest under the shadow of his own figtree! Most of the houses are so built as to command some vista, however limited, of the "silver Solent."

III.—ITS RELIGIOUS EDIFICES.] 1.—Ryde is situated in the parish of Newchurch—one of the largest and wealthiest of the parochial divisions of the Island, extending from Ryde on the North, to Ventnor on the South-East. The parish-church of Newchurch is about 7 miles from Ryde—a circumstance sufficiently significant of the little importance of Ryde in its earlier days. In 1719, however, when the village had swollen into a fishing-town of some pretensions, it was found requisite to provide its inhabitants with religious accommodation, in their own immediate neighbourhood. In that year, Henry Player,

Esq., the lord of the manor, built at his own cost the *Chapel of St. Thomas*, and endowed it with a stipend of £10, payable yearly to the Vicar of the Parish, either to officiate there in person or by deputy. But the size of this Edifice being totally unsuited to the requirements of the inhabitants, the present structure was erected, in 1827, by George Player, Esq., It is of the "Early English" style of architecture, and a very elegant and capacious edifice. From a noble tower springs up a graceful and lofty spire; massive buttresses decorate and strengthen the walls; three lancet headed windows of stained glass shed a "dim religious light" over the altar. Round three sides of the interior runs a gallery, while the recesses in the wings of the tower are further appropriated to galleries, for the Charity Children; the pews, galleries, and pulpit are painted in imitation of oak. A small entablature, emblazoned with the Royal arms, ornaments the front of the western gallery. Under the same gallery is a marble tablet, containing the following inscription:—

"Thomas Player Armiger  
Domûs Dei, magis quam suæ,  
Elegantix et nitoris studiosus  
Hoc sacellum, tam advenis quam incolis,  
Diu multumq. desideratum  
Condidit (Anno 1719)

*Æmulationis opus non Invidiæ."*

(Thomas Player, Gentleman, more solicitous for the decoration and grandeur of the House of God than his own, built this sanctuary, long and anxiously desired, both by visitors and inhabitants, in the year 1719. A work to be rivalled, not envied!"

2.—*St. James's* is an Episcopal Proprietary Chapel, in Lind Street, licensed by the Bishop of Winchester. It was built in 1829, by William Hughes, Esq., afterwards M.P. for Oxford, and an Alderman of London. The Rev. Waldo Sibthorpe purchased it of Mr. Hughes, and officiated in its pulpit until his temporary secession from the Church of England—a secession which caused considerable excitement, and was sincerely repented of by the Rev. gentleman. It was purchased from him by the Rev. Augustus Hewitt, in whose hands it remained until 1849, when it became the property of the Rev. W. Tilson Marsh, M.A., who on his resignation from ill health, of the incumbency, appointed to it the Rev. Henry Ewbank. Its exterior is simple and unpretending in its imitation of the Early English Style. The principal Entrance is in the west front, which is surmounted by a plain cupola. A tablet bearing the name and date of the erection of the building, is placed immediately over the door. An octagonal turret decorates each side of the entrance, and a battlemented wing, with a smaller entrance. The interior is graceful in appearance. Over the Altar there is a beautiful

stained-glass window, with the holy initials I.H.S. and a descending dove in the central compartment. A light and elegant gallery runs round three sides of the building; the west gallery being occupied by the Organ.

3.—*The Church of the Holy Trinity*, the district church of East Ryde, is so situated on a commanding elevation, as to form a conspicuous object from almost every part of the town and its environs, while a Landmark is afforded by its elegant tower and spire, which reach to the height of 146 feet. The *ensemble* of this beautiful structure is peculiarly picturesque. The interior consists of a Nave with North and South Aisles, divided by a fine arcade into seven bays of graceful columned arches. The roof is high and open, and the general effect happily is not spoilt by the introduction of galleries. The Pulpit, Desk and Seats are all worthy of notice from their originality of design. The Architect was T. Hellyer, Esq., and the building was erected by Voluntary Contributions in 1847. It affords accommodation for 800 persons; 350 sittings being entirely free for ever. The plot of land on which this graceful structure stands was given by the late Mrs. Lind, of Westmore. The Rev. A. J. Wade is the present active Incumbent.

4.—*The Roman Catholic Chapel*, Registered as “the Catholic Church of St. Mary,” was built at the sole cost of the Right Hon. Elizabeth Julia Georgiana, Countess of Clare. It was begun in the early part of the year 1845, and was finished and opened in September, 1846. The architect was Mr. Joseph Hansom, of Green House, Preston.

The church is in the early English style, and consists of a Nave, North and South aisles, Porch, Baptistry, and a deep and well defined Chancel. There are also three Chapels:—the Angelus Chapel, at the East End of the South aisle;—the loft Chapel of St. Elizabeth, over the vestry; and the Crypt Chapel of St. Peter, under the Sanctuary. These Chapels have all stone altars—that of the Angelus Chapel is by the celebrated Pugin—an architect deeply imbued with the true principles of Ecclesiastical Art. The subject is our Blessed Lady and Child, crowned, with angels bearing torches, &c., in three compartments. Over this altar is a highly finished picture of the Annunciation. The High Altar is a “Tomb altar” copied from Yorkminster. It is also in three compartments, and rests on pillars with carved capitals and moulded arches, the spandrils of which are filled in with angels, with harps and outstretched wings. Over the High Altar there is a fine picture of the Crucifixion with St. Mary and St. John, copied from an original in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. The roof of the Chancel is grained, with moulded ribs and carved bosses, in blue, red, and gold.

The Nave consists of five bays, with capped pillars, moulded

arches, and clerestory. The roof is open, and the timbers very massive. The windows are stained glass, principally floriated patterns from Salisbury. The Baptistry is at the west end of the south aisle, and is surrounded by a carved oak screen. The font is of Yorkshire white stone, octagon shaped, carved on each side with the *herba benedicta*, and surmounted with an oak canopy-cover and cross. The Pulpit is of oak, panelled in six sides:—both it and the confessional are deeply moulded and carved.

The Church is built of the Isle of Wight rag stone, with Caen mouldings, and has externally a rich and solid appearance. The west front is profusely ornamented and perhaps rather overworked in this respect. Over the principal entrance the Coronet is carved in stone, and round the inner moulding is the following inscription.

*Ora pro Bono statu Dom Elizabetha Comitissa  
De Clara quæ hanc Ecclesiam Deo sub tutela S.  
Mariæ dedicatam Aedificabit an, 1845. Jesu  
Fili Dei miserere eae, Amen.*

“Pray for the good estate of the Lady Elizabeth, Countess of Clare, who built this Church, dedicated to God, under the patronage of St. Mary, in the year 1845. Jesus, son of God, have mercy on her. Amen.”

The present Rector of the Church is the Rev. John Telfourd. The right of presentation belongs to the titular Bishop of Southwark.

In George Street, there is a spacious *Congregational* Chapel, holding upwards of 600 persons; in Nelson Street, a *Wesleyan* Chapel; there are other places of worship of various denominations.

But, perhaps, the *two* most attractive features of the Town in the eyes of the Visitor, are *The Pier* and *The Esplanade*.

IV.—ITS PROMENADES.] 1.—*The Pier* is a magnificent promenade 2250 feet in length, or nearly half a mile; varying in breadth from 12 to 20 feet. Originally, access to the Town was almost impracticable at the time of low water, and visitors were reduced to the most unpleasant contrivances. This serious drawback on the prosperity of the Town was removed, in 1813, through the energy of some public-spirited individuals, who obtained an Act of Parliament authorizing then to construct a Pier. The funds were raised by 2,400 shares of £50 each,—shares which have annually returned the subscribers a handsome dividend. The first stone was laid on the 29th of June, 1813, and the Pier, (then 1740 feet in length,) was opened to the Public in the following year. It was extended 500 feet in 1824, and as many more in 1833; and in 1842 a noble pier head, ornamented by a pavilion, was erected from the designs of Thomas Hellyer, Esq.—a gentleman to whom Ryde is

indebted for its greatest architectural ornaments. A further improvement in the pier head—namely, its enlargement to double its original size was carried out in the year 1850, from the plans and under the superintendence of the same gentleman. The pier-head is now 280 feet in width, from east to west; and 120 from south to north. The view from this splendid promenade presents many agreeable features. Permit me, therefore, Reader, officiating as your cicerone, very briefly to describe the most attractive objects of the landscape. On your left, you will note the wooded inlet of Fishhouse; the still shadowing cove of King's Quay; and especially, those white and graceful towers rising above a mass of foliage, and, as they catch the slanting rays of the setting sun, sparkling in the golden light—the Island-home of a Island-Queen—the favoured residence of a Royal Lady, not more distinguished by the splendour of her crown and the glory of her power, than by the virtues of her character and the refinement of her mind. Who can gaze upon those Towers without a feeling of loyal pride; without thanking Heaven that England can boast of a Queen as eminent in her domestic relations—the Daughter, the Wife, the Mother—as for the prudence of her government, and the mildness of her sway!

Opposite to us on the farther shore, lies a busy city, bristling with ramparts,—the mightiest Arsenal of our Navy. Above it rises a very amphitheatre of hills, stretching far away into the distance, until their blue crests blend with the shadowy skies. There, too, you can catch a brief, bright glimpse of the lofty spire of an ancient Cathedral, and of many a fair cottage-home, nestling in the leafy shade. And on the tranquil waters of the Solent, just stirred into the pleasant motion by the western wind, sleep the majestic argosies of England's Fame,—with her "meteor flag" waving exultingly in the breeze. Occasionally, you may note a huge "Himalaya" or some "Skimmer of the Sea" returning from a foreign land with its costly burden; while the white sails of many a rapid yacht flash gleamily along the dancing waters.

To your right stretches the broad Esplanade,—and still further, the wooded heights of St. John—the red towers of Appley—the bold headland of Sea View—and the wide inlet of Brading. Turning your face southward, Ryde itself rises upon your gaze; crowning the green declivity with many a stately mansion. Union Street almost faces you; to the east you catch the bold façade of Brigstøcke Terrace; while various Religious Edifices raise spire and turret above the leafy trees.

2.—*The Esplanade* is a wide, open walk on the sea shore, 1150 feet long. Its greatest breadth is 150 feet; its superficial area, 130,800 feet. It was constructed in 1855-6. The seawall, which is made of concrete faced by stone, is 19 feet and a half in depth,—5 feet being underneath the surface of the shore.



At its base, the wall is 9 feet thick. To fill up the vacant space between the sea-wall and the walls of the houses—which averaged a depth of 12 feet, and an area of 130,000—no less than 50,000 tons of gravel, mud, and clay were required. 1700 yards of concrete (equal to nearly 2500 tons), and upwards of 2000 tons of stone—chiefly from Priory Bay and Binstead, and the coping from Swanage—were employed in the formation of the sea-wall. This undertaking was commenced the last week in March 1855, and was completed in a twelvemonth. The design was from the pencil of the Town Surveyor, Mr. F. Newman, and is remarkable for simplicity and boldness.

## SECTION 2.

### RYDE TO BRADING.

TO the east of Ryde stretches the marine promenade, called the Strand, once known as the Dover, or Duver—the grave-field of the unhappy victims of that fearful catastrophe, still recorded in history as “the Loss of the Royal George.” How deeply that melancholy accident was graven on the national heart may, indeed, be conjectured from the distinctness with which its details have been transmitted to later times. Who is not sadly familiar with the terrible event? Who does not picture to himself, when any chance word or thought recalls each well-remembered circumstance, the noble vessel, the leviathan of the English navy, moored in apparent security off Spithead, with “the blue flag of Admiral Kempenfelt flying at the mizen”—the decks crowded with sailors and their friends—the brave old Admiral sitting quietly in his cabin—the ship heeled on her larboard side, that some necessary repairs might be effected—“the water dashing in at the port holes at every wave”—then the sudden rush of the billows—the heeling of the ship—the tumult of the unhappy crew—the startled women—the terrified officers

—the clang, and the clash, and the cry—all order at an end, all discipline annihilated by danger—the downward plunge of the doomed vessel—the mighty shriek that rose from eight hundred voices as wave upon wave rolled over the fatal gulph where sank the Royal George; . . . .

.....“the wild despairing cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony;.....

the sorrow, the desolation, and the terrible silence when all was over! “In a few days after the Royal George sunk, bodies would come up, thirty or forty nearly at a time;” and were buried in rude graves, without a memorial stone, on the dreary waste of the Dover, where for many years, they rose above the level of the turf, startling the stranger into a sad suspicion. Assuredly, England will never forget the 29th of August, 1782.

The Strand leads you into the turnpike road winding up St. John’s hill; and crossing the estate of St. John’s, the property of the Simeon family, you see on your right the tall trees of Appley, the residence of J. Hyde, Esq., and formerly of the Hutt family. [The last proprietor of that name was Governor of the Colony of Western Australia: a man of considerable ability, astuteness and determination.] The woods of Appley, stretch downward to the very shore, and in the days “when George the 3rd was king” often sheltered the free trader in his daring enterprises from the pursuit of the myrmidons of the law. A certain air of freedom, of dashing gallantry and adventurous courage, has always surrounded the illegal feats of the smuggler, and obscured—it may be—their injustice and iniquity. Perhaps, too, the novelist and the poet are blame-worthy in this matter—having in their glowing pages, presented him to us as a hero, generous, true-hearted, free, when in truth he was a rude, unlettered, and too often blood-thirsty desperado.

On the summit of the hill, pleasantly sequestered amid venerable trees, stands the new Church of St.

John's; designed in the Early English style by T. Hellyer, Esq., of Ryde. It is of a cruciform plan, with a northern porch of the simple lancet style. Its interior is plain and unpretending. The stained glass windows at the east end produce a pleasing effect. There are 300 sittings, one half free and unappropriated for ever.

St. John's Church was built in 1843, by private subscriptions, on ground presented by Sir Richard G. Simeon, Bart. From east to west, its dimensions are seventy-four feet by twenty-four; the transepts are twenty-four feet by thirteen. The height of the apex of the roof is forty-two feet.

A School (in connection with the Church,) and a Residence for the Schoolmaster, have been erected on the road from St. John's to a little village, singularly called Canada.

From the hill of St. John's or the woods of Appley, the traveller may obtain a glorious view of the sparkling town of Ryde as it crowns the adjacent hill—the picturesque Church of the Holy Trinity standing out boldly on the higher ridge—the Pier stretching afar into the blue waters—many a “stately ship” moored off the Motherbank—many a gleaming sail cheerily sweeping onward—and, winding afar off, the Hampshire shore, with its towers and spires, and cottages, and bristling ramparts, and busy towns, and quiet hills bounding the horizon—a magic combination of the Real and the Ideal, of Action and Repose.

The traveller now passes, on his left, the quaint Elizabethan towers of Appley—the seat of George Young, Esq.,—a very peculiar but not unpleasing combination of Alhambra-like turrets and pinnacles, with the usual features of the Elizabethan mansions. The road then divides: one route leading to the quiet dell of Springvale; to St. Clare—the castellated residence of Colonel Harcourt, M.P.; to the leafy shades of Puckpool; and onward by the sea-shore to the still hamlet of Sea View: the other, which I shall now pursue, is the highroad to Brading, and through San-

down and Shanklin, to Ventnor and the Undercliff. It crosses many a fertile meadow, ascends many a gentle hill, and winds through many a pleasant valley. Occasionally it passes through a over-hanging wood, whose arching branches form a delightful bower. As we near Brading, it assumes the characteristics of a noble avenue in some venerable park, and through the trees on our left, we discern the still waters of Brading Haven sleeping in the lowland—while, on the farther shore, rises the lofty down of Bembridge, with its pillar, commemorative of one of the Earls of Yarborough, and on the promontory that juts out so boldly northward, stands the little village of Bembridge, “nestling amid the trees.” Nearly opposite, on the western shore, stands St. Helen’s. On our right spreads the fair estate of Nunwell, the seat of the oldest of the Island-Families, the Oglanders, whose founder was Hugh de Oglandres, of Oglandres in Normandy, one of the bold knights who fought under the standard of William the Duke at Hastings. In the distance, rises Ashey Down, with its truncated beacon; Brading Down with its yawning chalk-pit; and far to the west, the undulating heights of Arreton.

### BRADING.

Brading, still styled on the common seal “The King’s Towne of Brading,” a very ancient but rapidly decaying town, is seated on the opposite slopes of two hills. Several of the houses are of antique fashion; frameworks of timber, enclosing compartments of brick: narrow lattices of diamond-shaped panes, barely and sullenly admitting a scanty light: long, slanting roofs; decayed lintels; and door-steps, hollowed by the tread of frequent feet.

I. ITS HISTORY.] From the record of the Doomsday Book it appears that William Fitz Azor was rewarded, with lands in

Berardinz (Brading), by William the Conqueror. During the sway of Isabella de Fortibus, a portion of the lands was possessed by one John Kene. In 1620, three knights were lords of the various manors included in the parish: Sir John Oglander, of Brading—Sir John Richards, of Yaverland—Sir Edward Dennis, of Shanklin.

Of its earlier charters, no record exists. The oldest extant bears the date of 1548, the first year of Edward VI., being a recapitulation and enlargement of former privileges. Its corporation is composed of a senior and junior bailiff, a recorder, and thirteen jurors. The bailiffs are chosen annually, the jurors are elected for life. Their common seal is *Argent, a rose gules barbed and seeded proper*, encircled with the inscription of "The King's towne of Bradynge." A fee farm rent is paid yearly into the Exchequer, of £2. 13s. 4d. The corporation is entitled to levy an asset on shops and trades, and (to defray the fee-farm rent,) "the Mungen Custom;" that is, "two-pence upon ye noble, and one peny of every standinge or showe of ware, sold at ye two faires there to be holden; ye one of Phillip and Jacob, ye daie and ye daie after, and the other to be holden and kept ye daie of St. Matthew."

Once upon a time, this "auncient towne"—now so decayed and gloomy—was represented in the Parliament of England. Four pence a day—not an inconsiderable sum in the early times, if we take into account the greater value of money, the state of trade, the lack of labour, the little value of land—four-pence a day was allowed by the town to each of its representatives; but even these four-pences the town, in the course of years, found itself unable to afford, and the inhabitants petitioned the House of Commons to relieve them from the burden. In the brave days of the Lion-Queen, Elizabeth, there were, however, many "good livers" in the borough: men of substance, "with everything comfortable about them," who each could afford to spend some £40 a year, equal to about £200, according to the present value of money. So Sir John Oglander has recorded: and he has also noted that from 1547 to 1626, 2,222 persons had been buried at Brading, or 28 annually—a statement which would imply that the population of the parish was then far more considerable than at present.

According to the register, in 1563, there were 70 burials. The average of seven years (1563-1569) amounted to 31 baptisms, 11 marriages, and 47 burials. The average for a similar period, two centuries later (1787-1794), was 46 baptisms, 10 marriages, and 24 burials.

II.—THE HAVEN.] Brading Haven is a bold inlet of the sea, at high water covering all the low lands between Bembridge and St. Helen's. It covers between eight and nine hundred acres,

overflowed by the sea at every tide; but the bar at its mouth renders it inaccessible to vessels of any size.

Originally, this marshy ground was of greater extent, but a portion was recovered in the reign of Edward I., by Sir William Russel, Warden of the Island and Lord of Yaverland, who also erected Yarbridge. Another portion was walled in by Mr. George Oglander and Mr. German Richards, in 1562, and in 1594 or 5, a third portion was recovered by Mr. Edward Richards.

An unsuccessful attempt to recover the remaining eight hundred acres was made in the reign of James I., by Sir Bevis Thelwall and Sir Hugh Middleton, the celebrated projectors of the New River. Sir John Oglander thus describes the undertaking, and its results:—

A part of Brading Haven was taken in by Sir William Russel, Lord of Yaverland and Warden of the Island in the reign of Edward I., at the time Yarbridge was erected. In the year 1562, another portion was walled in by Mr. George Oglander, and Mr. German Richards, when the north marsh and some adjacent lands were retained. In 1594, Mr. Edward Richards made an acquisition of Mill marsh, and other meadows between the sluice and bridge.

The last attempt was on a grander scale. James I. granted the Haven to Gibbs, a groom of the bedchamber, who was opposed by the owners of the adjacent estates, but was placed in possession by the Court of Exchequer: He then sold his rights to Sir Bevis Thelwall (who associated with him the celebrated Sir Hugh Middleton) for £2,000. A number of Dutchmen were employed to enclose and recover the Haven from the sea. The first taking of it in, cost £4,000; building a dwelling-house, barn and water-mill, trenching, etc., £1,000. But after this expenditure of £7,000 it was discovered that very nearly one half of the land thus recovered was “a light, running sand.” Finally, after various experiments on the quality of the soil had been made by Sir Hugh Middleton, the project came to a disastrous issue. “In a wet season, when the inner part of the Haven was full of fresh water, and a high spring tide, the waters met under the bank and made a breach.” And so the waters of the Haven have since been undisturbed.

During the labours of Sir Hugh's workmen, they discovered a well, encased with stone, near the centre of the Haven,—a sufficient proof that, ages since, no sea overflowed this spot. It is probable that, with the appliances of modern science, an attempt to reclaim this extensive tract of land would prove successful: but even then, the advantages to be derived would prove, we fear, very inadequate to the cost.

A singular legend is connected with this inlet, which refers to “the well, cased with stone, near the middle of the Haven,”



discovered by Sir Hugh Middleton. I offer it to my readers in a version rudely rhymed :—

### A LEGEND OF BRADING HAVEN.

Where the wild waters now surge up on the shore  
With a gleam of light, and a thunder roar ;—  
( 'Tis a very quaint tale of the Olden Time  
That I seek to run off in my simple rhyme )—  
Surge up with a leap and a bound, as though  
They lov'd in the green valley-depths to flow,  
Once waved the dark boughs of a thousand trees,  
And the swart oaks shook to the passing breeze !

In the Olden Time ! ere the Eagle of Rome  
Swoop'd down in its wrath on our Island Home,  
While the Druids dwelt in the shades divine,  
And built in the Forest a blood-stained Shrine—  
Where now the swift waters of Brading glow,  
The oak-groves wav'd their green crests to and fro ;  
And the Briton shrunk from the haunted glade,  
Where the Priests their incantations made.

Midway in this wood,—so the tale they tell,—  
There yawn'd a deep chasm, a haunted well.  
And a wizard great, who knew the spell  
That binds and controls the Invisible,  
There chain'd—in its dark abyssmal night—  
A Water-Spirit, and words of might  
He mutter'd then, and a fearful spell :  
“ Woe, woe unto him who uncovers this well ! ”

On roll'd Time's river in shadow and beam ;—  
And the Druid was now but a name and a dream ;  
And the Roman had yielded his wise command ;  
And the Dane turn'd his prow from our fresh, fair land ;  
And the Saxon Sceptre had past away ;  
And the Norman rul'd with a scathing sway ;  
When the Garden-Isle—the sea-girt Wight—  
Shook with the tramp of a Norman Knight.

And he laugh'd a grim laugh at the tale they told,  
Of the haunted well—this Okelander bold ;  
And he swore in the Forest the deer to chase—  
Oh, truly he came of a daring race !  
And he vowed, in defiance of charm or spell,  
To pluck every stone from the Druid's well ;  
So they wrought away, both he and his men,  
Till they bar'd to the day its depths,—and then ?—

There rush'd out a flood, and there leapt forth a river,  
And the wild waters whirl'd them away for ever !  
Away with the forest ! and madly free  
They roll'd—as they roll—to their parent-sea ;  
And never again shall the dark oaks be  
Where Ocean laughs in triumphant glee !  
Then ever the truth of the proverb we'll own—  
“ 'Tis prudent to let the well alone ! ”

III.—ITS CHURCH.] Brading Church, the Church of "The Kyng's Towne of Brading," is situated in the bosom of scenery of a peculiar loveliness. For beneath it, like a line of silver light, trails through the smiling meadows the winding Yar; under the wooded hill of Bembridge sweep "the wide waters of the dark-blue sea;" afar there stretches the green expanse of woods and fields, diversified with hedge and cottage, and, here and there, a village spire;—while

"The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height"

combine in a panorama of wondrous beauty. Where could one worship more devoutly—where bow more gladly before the shrine of Him whose hand filled up the glorious picture?

On this spot, Tradition tells us, were first preached to our Pagan fore-fathers the words of Life and Light. Here, in 704, Wilfred, Bishop of Selsea, founded the first Christian Church, and baptized nearly 1,200 families. What manner of man he was,—this Apostle of the Truth,—we may never know. The world cares but little for those great pioneers of Religion and Civilization, who first hew a path through the moral wilderness. It gives them but scant gratitude. It heeds but little their perilous labour.—

"'Tis the old story! ever the blind world  
Knows not its angels of deliverance!"—

For our own part, we would fain know something of this brave Bishop!

The present structure is of considerable antiquity, and evidently of various eras. We should be inclined to ascribe the erection of the more ancient portion—the pillars that support the arches of the nave—to the reign of the First Edward; the columns being of Norman Architecture; the arches of Early English. The earliest date recorded in the Church itself is 1430: it occurs in the inscription on the monument nearest the Altar:—"Master Olgwer. Oglawnder—here the 30th day of December, the yer of our Lord God m'ccccxxx and for the wife of — Sir ——— Oglawnder." We imagine that considerable additions were made to it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, from various architectural indications.

At the extreme eastern end of the north aisle are two elaborately decorated altar tombs: the one on the right bearing the inscription of "Ihu have merci on Wylyam Howly's Sowl. Amen. m.cccccxx:" and that on the left, "Helizabeth hys Wyf." There are also two altar tombs of the Oglanders, and a memorial to George Oglander, Esq., a loyal cavalier, who expatriated himself from devotion to the Second Charles, and died "at Cowne (Caen) in Normandy, July 11th, 1652; of his age 23rd." A laboriously engraved stone, within the altar

rails, bears an inscription to the following effect: "Here lies the noble John Cherowin, gentleman, whilst he was alive, Constable of Porchester Castle, who died in the year 1441, on the last day of October. May his soul rest in peace! Amen."

A chapel, or mausoleum, at the north-east point, is rendered interesting by some memorials of the ancient family of the Oglanders. As one gazes on those mailed figures, recumbent on their altar tombs, with hands folded as if in prayer, what a rush of emotions stirs one's heart! what visions of the Long Ago throng upon one's imagination! One lives again in the stormy past, in the days of intestine convulsion and civil strife, when, of a truth, there were Giants in the land:

"The good Knights are dust,  
Their swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust!"—

But, perhaps, the most interesting of the many associations of this antique Church, is the circumstance that within its walls Legh Richmond "first proclaimed the message of God to sinners." Here, too, worshipped the Young Cottager, of whom he has left us such affecting remembrances: she sleep in its still graveyard, where a modest stone records her worth. Here you will find that beautiful epitaph (so aptly wedded to a touching melody by Dr. Callcott,\*) beginning with

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear;"

which does so much honour to its almost-forgotten writer, the Rev. Mr. Gill, Curate of Newchurch. Here, too, many other interesting memorials may be found by those who are sagely curious in church-yard lore.

At the corner of the Church, is a quaint and sufficiently humble edifice, once dignified by the sounding appellation of the Town Hall. Beneath its shadow rest the Stocks—neglected, worn, abused—a type of an age long since past away. Singular association! The Stocks and the Church! Verily, it "points a moral."

The annals of Brading Church contain little of interest. After various legal disputes, the advowson of the Church came into the possession of the Prior and Convent of Wenlock, in Shropshire, and by them was resigned, towards the end of the 13th century, to the Bishop of Winchester. In 1301, it was appropriated to the Convent of Breamore, who let it to the Priory of St. Dennis, near Southampton, on the charitable condition, "that the alms given to the poor should in no wise be diminished." When Henry VIII. laid his despoiling hand upon the Religious Houses, it was seized, of course, by the Crown,

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\* Dr. Callcott composed the music to these words, on "Thursday, Sept. 24, 1794, at St. John's, near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight."

and granted to Henry Courtney, Marquis of Exeter; but, on his attainder, it again reverted to the Crown, and was conveyed to Trinity College, Cambridge, which still retains the right of presentation.

The Church is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the great tithes belong to the Carter family, of Portsmouth. Yaverland and Shanklin are dependencies of this parish. The registers do not go back to an earlier date than 1541, and contain few entries of interest.

But we must extract the following very graphic sketch of a singular character.—“1677. November ye 20th. Jowler (alias) John Knight, of Morton; who, rather than he would be charitable to himselfe (when he was capacitated), lived like a miserable wretch on ye public charity. He lived in a ppetuall slavery through ffeare and suspicion, and punished both his back and belly to fill ye purse. He so excessively idolized his poore heap of dung, y’t was death to him to think of p’ting. He was allwaies soe afraid of want, or y’t he should dy as he had allwaies liv’d—a beggar, y’t he dar’d not use wh’t he had for his own well-being, but liv’d and died with his beloved bagg in his nearest ambraces; and at length, y’t he might pay his utmost homage, both by life and death, to his greate God Mammon, he voluntary sacrificed himself, and even dyed to save charges. *Left (which was found)* £06 17s.” There is considerable power of word-painting in this unambitious sketch, which so clearly sets before us a man utterly insensible to all the purposes of life, dead to the pure, sweet influences of nature; and consumed by the most miserable of all passions, the “auri sacra fames,” the lust after the accursed Mammon!

It also contains, from 1706 to 1740, a Register of Monies collected by Briefs, chiefly for churches injured, or places destroyed by fire. Amongst these are—The Strand; loss by Fire:—Head of ye Cannon-gate, Edinr.; loss by fire.—Protestant Ch. at Oberbarnen, in ye Duchy of Berg:—St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol; damaged:—Protestant Ch. at Mittau, in Courland:—Ye Poor Palatines:—Rotherith Wall; loss by Fire:—Ensham, Oxon.:—Woolwich Church:—Protestants at Copenhagen:—Upchurch, Kent; Inundation:—Stondon, Hartfordshire; Hailstorm.

#### VICARS OF BRADING, FROM 1598 TO 1856.

Edward Gilbard .....	August, 1598.
Wm. Greaves .....	January, 1609.
Wm. Cook .....	June, 1624.
John Yonge .....	June, 1632.
Wm. Johnson .....	1654.

Richard Pittis.....	June,	1666.
Edmund Thory .....	Nov.,	1670.
Charles Brown .....	March,	1692.
John Edmunds .....	April,	1697.
Joshua Strother .....	April,	1703.
Gilbert Granger .....	Nov.	1709.
Marriot Jordan .....		1724.
Richard Palmer .....	May,	1726.
Thomas Waterworth .....	Dec.	1763.
Miles Popple .....	<i>circa</i>	1790.
Dunbar Isadore Heath .....	January,	1847.

Here, then, we take our leave of the ancient Church of "Brerdyng"—of, perhaps, the oldest Ecclesiastical foundation in the Island. Who can gaze upon its darkened walls without emotion? The shadows of ages rest upon it. The memories of years, ghost-like, throng around it. One could almost fancy that, in dim array, came sweeping past the forms of those who worshipped at its altar, and now sleep beneath its shadow:—the grave knight, the staid peasant of that time, when the splendour of the Maiden Queen flushed England with the promise of future glory: the cavalier of a lighter age, praying for the safety of a Monarch who betrayed him: the simple villager of a happier day, following in the steps of some parish priest, such as Goldsmith loved, and Cowper painted! Still the silver Yar winds on through silent meadows; the ocean waters still surge upon the shore, with a never-ceasing murmur; still the wooded heights bow to the passing breeze, as in the days of the Plantagenets, or the time of the Stuarts. But change has shaken those walls. They are not now what the men of the 14th century gazed upon. And thus the great Truth is ever present: Art passes away, Nature alone remains unaltered. So, in the quiet churchyard, in the hush of a summer noon, forgetting for awhile the toils, the anxieties, the paltry triumphs of the work-day world, subdued by the mystic influence of the silence and the solitude, do thou commune, O Reader, with thy soul, and "look from Nature up to Nature's God."

## SECTION 3.

## YAUERLAND . . . BEMBRIDGE . . . ST. HELEN'S.

WHEN you have got about half-way through the long, narrow street of Brading, you turn to your left and pursue the highway road—the usual route to Sandown, Shanklin, and the Undercliff. Up a gentle ascent, and down its further side, winds the highway, and then crosses a level plain of considerable extent, and the little stream of the winding Yar, as it glides away through the herbage into the haven-waters. A lane on your left now attracts you,—it follows for some distance the track of the Yar, which broadens here into a deep, still pool; such an one, indeed, as old Izaak Walton would have been fain to trouble. Carp, with “glittering mail,” roach, dace and eels are here sufficiently abundant to reward a day’s devotion to the “merrie art.” Following this “leafy lane,” the traveller bravely breasts a precipitous hill, to find himself well repaid by glimpses, ever and anon, of scenery most picturesque in character. The lane is overhung on either side by steep banks of glittering chalk, topped with bush, and bramble, and gnarled trunk, and leafy sapling, and the eternal beauty of the ivy; occasionally, through an abrupt break in this wall of verdure, the eye glances suddenly on the loveliness without. Beneath, the meadow, the streamlet, the broad waters of the Haven; afar, the mystic boundary of the sea, which yet is *no* boundary for the sky and the sea so blend insensibly and undefinably that one cannot reconcile to one’s self the fact that there is any limit to the gaze; towering, on the left, up into the serene heavens rises the gaunt steep of Bembridge with its memorial pillar; on your right, meadow, stream, and copse, and, again, the sea—here curving gently into the sandy shore—there, rolling defiantly at the base of mighty cliffs; and westward, the impenetrable barrier formed by the downs of Ashey and Brading.

Still onward direct your steps, and you reach the



church of Yaverland, one of the most curious, quaint and ancient of the Religious Foundations in the Island.

### YAVERLAND.

The Church of Yaverland is a small and unambitious edifice, dark with age, and overgrown with ivy. It contains no monumental stones or brasses: some simple marble slabs plainly record the names of deceased members of a Yaverland family. The nave of the Church is separated from the chancel by a noble Norman arch, in excellent preservation; and a similar arch—less elaborate—crowns the entrance doorway. It bears unmistakeable evidence of ancient origin. You may still, in the outer walls, discern the position and general outline of the original windows, evidently of a date corresponding to that of the arches we have noticed. Unfortunately, they have been blocked up by some official nonentity, and in their stead have been constructed certain mis-shapen absurdities,—fine specimens of modern taste. A bell-turret, which appears to have been originally the property of some stable-yard, disfigures the roof; the interior walls have been thickly plastered with a very glittering whitewash, and various pews of rude, plain deal, give rise in the mind of the spectator to most incongruous associations.

Nevertheless, Yaverland Church still presents a picturesque appearance. Nature was, before Art had birth. And the dark, green ivy clusters over the old stone-wall, and the lofty elm and the sombre yew shadow the smooth churchyard, and all is so hushed, so tranquil, that the heart might well accumulate pleasant memories, and the restless spirit awhile be still. For Thought on rapid wing bears us back to the sway of the Plantagenet; back to

“the crested pride  
Of the First Edward;”

back to those distant days when the cowed monk chanted his orisons within those walls; when the Soul was as heavy without God, and the heart as dark without the light of Faith as now, in a later time: and the contemplative mind may shape many a truth, and gather many a moral from the memories of the past that, like the ivy, darken these ancient walls;—the Scholar and the Poet, the Imagination and the Intellect, shall ever find much to interest, and somewhat to instruct, in the old gray Church of Yaverland.

In the stern Conqueror's roll, this manor bears the name of Evreland, corrupted by the Saxon peasant to Overland, and finally transmuted to Yaverland. Its first Norman Lord was a De Aula, and in his family, with other manors, it remained

until the direct line terminated in the only daughter and heiress of a Sir Thomas de Aula, who wedded Sir William Russell, in the reign of Edward the First. Of this knight we know nothing, but that he was Warden of the Island in the 22nd year of that Monarch's reign, and consequently a man of no mean repute. He, or at least one of his immediate descendants, undoubtedly founded this Church, or Chapel,—as on account of its poverty it is named in the Return made to Cardinal Beaufort of the value of the Benefices in the Isle of Wight. At all events, it was erected at a date posterior to 1305, as its name does not occur in the Return made to Bishop Woodlock in that year.

The site of the Mansion of the Norman Knight (who probably erected this Chapel for the use of his family and retainers) is occupied by a large Farm or Manor House—immediately in the rear of the Church—apparently of the time of the early Stuarts.

What a glorious race were those Normans! Call them pirates, freebooters, if you will; yet can you not deny them the clear brain, the artist-eye, the plastic hand, the keen appreciation of natural beauty. The old Norman Knight,—the poet-warrior,—loved the green glade, the leafy avenues of the forest, the flashing fountains, and the bosky dell. He ever chose to worship God where Nature built the fairest Shrine. And so he reared his temple on a grassy knoll,

“Beneath the shade of melancholy boughs,”

or in the haunted nook of some still valley. And he spanned the noble arch, raised up the slender spire, contrived the dim, quaint window. And so he worshipped, in the beautiful fabric that Faith had hallowed, and Genius created,—worshipped with the ritual of a false creed, but, let us think, in the simplicity of a true devotion!

The Parsonage is about a quarter of a mile from the Church,—a pleasant little cottage, in something of a Gothic style, seated on a gentle elevation, and commanding many views of beauty.

Upward still winds the traveller's path, across the Bembridge downs; and then he finds his further progress arrested by their termination in the chalky precipices of the Culver Cliffs. About five hundred feet in height, and perpendicular! At their base roar, as they have roared since the first dawn of Day upon the waters above the earth, roar the loud billows of the

Ocean, sending up a misty, foamy spray, that, on a sunny morn, rolls about these precipitous cliffs like clouds of resplendent glory! The hoarse cry of the sea-birds that brood in their dim recesses scarce pierces through the mighty roar. Occasionally, a black wing whirrs past you suddenly, and wheels in endless circles far away into the distant skies. Look you now away to the northward on the panorama spread beneath you. There lies the woody dell once consecrated by the old chapel of Woolverton. If we take Tradition as our guide, we shall believe that once, on yon green level plain stood a considerable city.

Away in the south, commanding the level beach of Sandown Bay, bounded by cliffs of various coloured earths, stands Sandown fort, erected in the reign of Charles 1st. And turning your gaze again to the north, you see the pretty hamlet of Bembridge, nestling in the leafy shade, and the rocky ledge of Bembridge Point stretching out for more than a mile its arms into the sea.

If you have a strong nerve and a steady brain, you will quit the western brink of the precipice, and, by a narrow and difficult path, descend to the famous cavern called the Hermit's Hole. You cannot once retreat when you have entered upon this path, nor turn until you have reached the cave below. 30 feet below the brink it lies, penetrating into the chalky rock about twenty feet; and, assuredly, your heart should be stout, your step sure, your nerve steady, if you seek its recesses. Beneath, the sea mutters with a distant roar; above, the cliff, its glittering surface chequered with the dark green samphire, rises almost perpendicularly; sea-gulls and hawks scream and whirr around and about you. Well might the imagination of the peasant make this fearful and desolate spot the scene of a dark tradition. So it dreamed that from the gloomy cave, at night, there sallied out a wizard, a dark recluse—not a “holy anchoret,” mortifying his body in the vain hope of cleansing his soul from sin—but a murderous stranger

who waylaid peasant, and slew monk, and bewitched knight, and, for aught I know, closed his life of guilt and crime by a death of mystery.

Leaving the cave, you pursue the pathway across the Downs, and passing the Memorial erected by the Yacht Club to the late Earl of Yarborough, along shady lanes, near the marge of the Haven, and close to the windmill that forms so conspicuous an object from St. Helen's, you reach at last the hamlet of Bembridge. Sir John Oglander tells us that "before Sir William Russell (of Yaverland Manor House) buylt the cawsey and brydge, Yaverland, as now by corruption was called Overland, and after the bwylding thereof, the peninsula was called Within-brydge, now Binbridge." That this etymology is correct may be inferred from the similarity of meaning to be detected in the prefix "Bin" or "Ben," in Binstead.

The peninsula of Bembridge, formed by the sea and Brading Haven, comprised anciently the three Manors of Woolverton, La Wode, and Middleton: the two first belonged to the Glamorgans, of Somersetshire. Sir Nicholas Glamorgan dying in the 36th year of Edward III., his estates were divided amongst his six sisters. One of these wedded a Thomas, or Sir Thomas Hackett, who, by purchasing the shares of the other sisters, became the proprietor of the peninsula. He settled these Manors, with the advowsons of their chapels, in his family. Sir John Leigh, at a later period, wedded the heiress of the Hacketts; and his own heiress was married to Sir James Worsley, Captain of the Island in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., so that these estates came into the Worsley family, in whose possession they have since remained.

Bembridge village is of very ancient origin. It was formerly a scanty collection of straggling huts and farm-houses. Even as recently as 1826, its inhabitants, chiefly farmers and their labourers, were so few that they possessed no Church or Chapel, but crossed the Haven every Sunday to Brading, or worshipped in a

small rude barn. In that year, Edward Wise, Esq., of Ryde, who possessed some property in the vicinity, determined that this want of ecclesiastical accommodation should be remedied: and, by his earnest and indefatigable labours, speedily succeeded in raising a sum of £1300. A Chapel was then erected, and endowed with £5 annually by Mr. Wise, who also presented the site. It was consecrated by Tomline, Bishop of Winchester, in 1827. Unfortunately, the foundation proved insecure. The present edifice was, therefore, erected about 1845, on the same site, and consecrated by the present Lord Bishop of Winchester. Originally, the Chapel was a Curacy under the Vicar of Brading, but it has since been separated, and is now a Perpetual Curacy of the yearly value of £35. The first incumbent was the Rev. Sir H. Thompson, Bart. He was succeeded by the Rev. F. G. Middleton; and, in 1850, the present incumbent was appointed, the Rev. J. Le Mesurier.

The vicinity of Bembridge offers peculiar attractions to the geological student. He may there happen to light upon curious memorials of the past: on the fossilized relics of the monsters that once haunted the ancient seas; on rare, quaint shells, turritellæ, lignite, and crustaceans; and he will note that the stratum of clay and gravel, of which so large a section of the peninsula consists, rests upon a bed of calcareous stone. The operations of the sea upon these cliffs have been rapid and active, and have worn away the outer crust,—so to speak,—leaving the limestone denudated, and forming a dangerous ledge of rocks, stretching far away to the east, “known to mariners,” says Webster, “as the Bembridge ledge,” where, some 30 years ago, the *Henry Addington* was lost.

A bed of coal, passing through the Island from east to west, is said to begin at Bembridge.

Descending through the picturesque village,—which, if it were accessible with less inconvenience, would assuredly have a rapid growth,—so beautiful is its

position, so healthy its breezy air, so noble its scenic effects,—to the ferry, we are carried across the Haven, taking note of the bar of shingle which fortifies its entrance against vessels of burden; and, speedily crossing the meadows, we find ourselves on St. Helen's Green.

## ST. HELEN'S.

Near the east end of the Green once stood the ancient Church of St. Helen's. But the encroachments of the sea having gradually washed away a great portion of its grave-yard, and threatened the safety of the sacred edifice itself, the inhabitants, in the early part of the 18th century, obtained permission to erect a new church, and selected a site to the north of the village. It was consecrated by Bishop Trelawney in 1719,\* but was all re-built, except the chancel, in 1830.

1. THE VILLAGE.]—The village of St. Helen's was, probably, in the old time, a place of considerable importance. Rymer, in his *Fœdera*, tells us of a writ issued in the 10th year of King Edward III. (1337), entitled "the King's writ to the mayors and bailiffs of Yarmouth and St. Helen's in the Isle of Wight for sending (mittando) their ships to Portsmouth." It was twice

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\* In the parish register of Newchurch, there occurs the following passage:—"Mem: The Bishop of this Diocess, Sir Jonathan Trelawney, came over from Gosport early on ye 27th of June, 1710, and the same morning consecrated the Church of St. Helen's, (wch was built on new ground, the Church as it stood before was too much expos'd to ye wash of ye sea) and presently after it, on ye same day, he consecrated alsoe ye Chappel of Ride in this Parish, built by Mr. Playor, at whose house in Ride he din'd and went over again the same day."

+ The following list shows the proportion in which the southern sea-ports contributed to the maintenance of the Royal Navy (18 Edward III):—

	SHIPS.	MARINERS.
Southampton .....	21	576
Isle of Wight.....	13	220
Hamble .....	11	298
Lymington .....	9	259
Portsmouth.....	5	95
Poole.....	4	194



selected as their place of disembarkation by the French in their invasions of the Island; once, in 1340, when they were attacked by the Islanders under Sir Bartholomew Lisle, Sir John de Langford, and Sir Theobald Russell, and shamefully repulsed with great slaughter; and again in the reign of Henry VIII, when their expedition came to a similar termination.

In the war-time of George 3rd's reign, outward-bound vessels were in the habit of obtaining from St. Helen's their supplies of poultry and fresh provisions. I find it stated, in an old work on the Island, that the water here procured was of so pure a nature that it was carried to the East Indies and back again, "and continued in as sweet a state as when taken from the spring."

In 1795, the village contained about 40 small houses, constructed principally of the stone abundant in the neighbouring quarries,—and was peopled by 210 inhabitants. It is built round a rural green, and commands many beautiful views—the Channel sweeping away to the eastward, Bembridge and its elm-trees on the opposite point, the surrounding Downs, the Haven, and the old town of Brading. Little change, apparently, has taken place in its appearance in the last 50 years; but its population has largely increased: in the census of 1851, the parish numbered 1,948 inhabitants.

II.—THE CHURCH.] The Priory of St. Helen's, of which not a trace remains, was formerly a cell to an Abbey in Normandy, said to be of Cluniac monks,\* founded shortly after the Conquest. Being aliens, Edward III. seized their revenues when he was at war with France; but Henry IV. restored them. They built the original Church of St. Helen's, and ministered there until the Ecclesiastical law declared resident vicars necessary. From an entry in the Register of Winchester, it appears that the Prior was licensed by the Bishop to celebrate mass and administer the Eucharist, on account of the smallness of the parish. In the Dean of the Island's return to Bishop Woodlock (1305), there occurs the following notice:—"Sct. Elene. Prior habet Ecclesiam sibi appropriatam,"—the Church is appropriated to the Prior. In the Roll of Cardinal Beaufort (1404), the appropriation is valued at 30 marks.

By Henry VI., the rent, for a certain period, was bestowed upon the College of Eton, and Edward IV. granted thereto the Priory; but it was afterwards bestowed by the fickle Monarch on Windsor College. At the Dissolution of the Religious

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\* Cluny or Clugny, a celebrated Abbey of Benedictine Monks, supposed to have been founded by the Abbot Bernon, under the protection of William, Duke of Berri and Aquitaine, in 910. This order of monks was introduced into England by William de Warrenne, son-in-law to William the Conqueror, about 1077. There were 27 priories and cells of this order in England.

Houses, the Church was granted to Eton College. It is a perpetual curacy of the annual value of £118.

A portion of the tower of the ancient edifice still remains, and is preserved as a landmark by order of Government. It has recently been enlarged and strengthened. But round its base clusters the green ivy, and spring a thousand weeds and blossoms...Oh, sad memorial of the past! keenly on the heart, as we gaze upon thee, comes the conviction that our handiwork is the sport of Time and the jest of Ages. On this spot worshipped once the stout Saxon and the chivalrous Norman, and the bold Englishman of the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors; but the altar whereat they knelt is overthrown,—while still, immutable and eternal, rolls that sea whose murmur once mingled with the chimes pealed forth from the hoary tower!

The new Church is a small, plain edifice, containing 279 sittings, of which 129 are free. The chancel contains several memorials of the Grose family, once proprietors of the fine estate known as the Priory. One tablet records the name of Sir Nash Grose, Knt., a judge of the Court of King's Bench, who died in 1814; another is to the memory of his only son, Capt. Edward Grose, of the Guards, who died at Waterloo. Sir Nash Grose, I believe, was the son of Francis Grose, the antiquary, whose obesity and good humour are immortalized by Burns. Over the altar is a decently-executed painting of the Cross, encircled with a glory.

A description of the seat called The Priory, I reserve to a future chapter.\* Descending from the Priory to the south-east, the tourist reaches a bold, abrupt headland, called Watch-house Point, where, in the stormy times of the Plantagenets, a watch and beacon were maintained; two men being stationed there by day, and four by night. Even at a later period (1638), a watch of two men was appointed here, under the direction of Sir John Oglander.

From Watch-house Point, the sea curves inward, with a semi-circular sweep, until it reaches the western headland of Old Fort, adjacent to the picturesque hamlet of Sea View. Sea View, or Nettlestone, possesses, however, nothing of historical or antiquarian interest. Here formerly stood an ancient Priory, but it is not now recorded by one memorial stone. Doubtlessly, the position of this hamlet offered great facilities to

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\* A print engraved by the Antiquarian Society, from a painting of Henry VIII. reviewing his troops on Southsea Common, in 1545, gives a curious representation of this domain.

the Free Traders, or Smugglers, in the early part of the Wars of the French Revolution, for carrying out their dangerous enterprises.

If you turn off from the shore, and pursue your way up the deep wooded dell, whose slopes are occupied by the thatched cottages and modern villas of Sea View, you reach the elegant seat of W. A. Glynn, Esq., appropriately called *Fairy Hill*, and the beautiful estate—sheltered with venerable oaks and elms—of *Sea Grove* (W. Gardiner, Esq.)

To the east of the road between Brading and Appley, lies the farmhouse of Barnsley. In Domesday Book there is the following entry respecting it:—"The king holds *Benverdslei*, which Godwin held of the confessor in fee, then assessed at one hide, but now at half a hide and half a yard land. William Fitz Azor held the other, and Roger of him." One Ulnod held it of king Edward in fee, and it was then assessed at one hide.

Spring Vale is the next village on our route. The flat grounds that extend between it and Sea View were formerly appropriated as salterns. Now the little village is merely a cluster of lodging-houses, resorted to in summer, because the sands are firm, smooth and of considerable extent. Above the village, on a commanding height, stands *Westridge*, the seat of Mrs. Young; and the sequestered villa, fancifully named *Puckpool*, a strange but poetical conversion of the original appellation, which, according to a map of the Island of the date of 1610, was Pouppoll. Pursuing his onward route, the tourist passes the castellated mansion of *St. Clare*, (Colonel Harcourt, M.P.) sheltered in a woody hollow, and *St. John's*, the residence of the Simeon family. Through the Wood of Appley, or Apeleigh, he emerges on the plain of the Dover, and Ryde bursts upon his view in all its beauty.

## SECTION 4.

## RYDE TO BINSTED, QUARR, AND WOOTTON.

HAVING thus surveyed the eastern environs of Ryde, the author and the reader betake themselves to the westward, and leave the town by the broad, trim, and "well-kempt" avenue—Spencer Road. On each side are mansions of considerable architectural pretensions; villas embowered in trees, and surrounded with luxuriant gardens: while occasionally, a sloping path leads down to the sea-beach, and opens delightful views of the opposite coast, Spithead, and its naval armament—the Motherbank, and its merchant fleet—Ryde pier—and many a glittering sail, like the wing of a sea-bird, speeding afar off to its distant bourne. On our left the fine seat of Sir Augustus Clifford, called *Westfield*, attracts our attention, from its commanding position. On our right, at the termination of this beautiful promenade, spread the grounds of *Ryde House*, the residence of Miss Player. Turning away from the high road—which leads to Wootton and Newport—we pursue a pathway between trim hedges, across broad and undulating fields:—

" The lanes and alleys green,  
 " Dingles, and bushy dells.....  
 " And all the bosky bourns from side to side,"

are full of beauty. A thick wood sweeps down to the shore, the gnarled and mossy boughs almost dipping in the wild waters. In a leafy hollow, between steep and abrupt hills, meanders a scanty stream,—the boundary between the parishes of Newchurch and Binstead,—which bears onward silently its insignificant tribute to the sea. We cross the brook,—we ascend the hill—and there, belted round with old, ancestral trees, is the church of Binstead.

## BINSTEAD.

IN the days of the Red King—that fierce voluptuary whose history has never yet been truly told, and whose character has never yet been justly read\*—that wild rough Norman who, with all the vices of his race, possessed their rare sense of the Beautiful, which half-redeemed those vices—that stern yet able monarch, who conceived the fairest architectural design of an age rich in architectural triumphs; in the time, I say, of the Second William, originated the little hamlet, the picturesque village of Binstead. It was a building Age! Priests cast off the sacred vestments to don the artificer's garb; Knights threw down their swords to grasp the mallet and trowel. For to the natural bent of those chivalrous minds, was added the strong impulse of a beautiful Belief. The feeling of Beauty born in the solitudes of wild northern forests was fed and directed by a creed, whose spirit was Beauty: hence, beauty of Form, intensity of Expression, Thought—so to speak—became shapen in the very stone! And the mysteries of that magnificent, though partly mistaken Religion; the holy care with which it shrouded Divine things from the vulgar eye; would, of necessity, suggest to the Poet-Architect, the dim, lengthened aisles,—the lofty roofs, half hid in gloom,—the slender columns and richly sculptured arches of the ancient Church. Thus, in the Temples of the Old Faith, one sees the best interpretation of that Faith; as in the graceful designs of the poetic Greeks, one best can read the Character of that Artist-nation. For the passionate adoration of the Beautiful which purified the love, mingled also in the religion of the knightly Normans; and created, when inspired by devotional ardour, those glorious Cathedrals

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\* Any comments on the life and character of this well abused monarch would be out of place in this work, but it may be permitted me to say that I entertain strong "Historic Doubts" relative to the fidelity of his portraiture by most of our historians. At all events, his must have been a mind of no ordinary powers,—an imagination of no common boldness,—which could conceive a palace of which Westminster Hall was but to be an Antechamber

which are the wonder of a soulless Age, and the boast of a declining creed ! . . . .

Yes : in the days of the Architect-king, William the Second of Norman race, Walkelyn, 36th Bishop of the ancient see of Winton, resolved to rebuild its Cathedral, which had sorely suffered by Time and the devastation of ruthless Danes, since the pious care of Ethewold had reared its lofty walls. So he obtained permission from the monarch (with whom he was connected by ties of blood,) to dig in the quarries of Binstead, and "*nec solum autem ibi, sed per totam terram meam in eâdem insulâ*"—"not only there, but throughout all the land in that same island." Thus it is said, originated the parish of Binstead; though brief mention is made of the manor in the Domesday Book of the Conqueror under the name of Benestede.\*

The Church itself was very possibly built by one of the Bishops of Winchester, to whose see it has always belonged. It furnished, in Edward III's. reign, only one bowman as its quota to the defence of the Island; and was exempted from taxation, on account of its poverty, in the roll of Cardinal Beaufort,† where it is classed among the Chapels of the Island. It paid a yearly fee of 2s. to the Sacrist of the Monastery at Winchester. The rectory is now of the annual value of £55. Population of the parish in 1851, 317.

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\* There is a parish of the same name (Benestede, now Binstead,) in the hundred of Avisford, in Sussex; and a village of Binstead, in Hampshire, a chapelry to Alton, formerly a manor in the possession of Ado, Bishop of Bayeaux. half-brother of William the Bonqueror.

† As reference is often made in these pages to Cardinal Beaufort, I may observe that he was 54th Bishop of Winchester, and brother of Henry IV. This wealthy see was bestowed upon him in 1404, soon after which the Cardinal's hat was granted him. During the minority of Henry VI., he acted as guardian of that weak prince, and regent of the kingdom, in conjunction with the Duke of Gloucester, his bitter enemy. He held the see for 43 years, and after a turbulent life, died with circumstances of great horror, in 1447, and was buried in the Cathedral of Winchester. The scene of his death is familiar to all readers of Skakspere, as one of the Master's most powerful conceptions. They will also remember the portrait drawn of him :—

"Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—  
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,  
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,—  
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself.

*Henry VI. Part I.*



The original edifice was built in the Early Norman style, and consisted of nave and chancel separated by a plain, semicircular arch. The present building contains some few fragments of the ancient fane, and is in itself a miniature of the Early English style. It was designed by T. Hellyer, Esq. of Ryde. Over the outer gateway of the churchyard is a curious and rudely sculptured memorial of antiquity: a roughly shapen representation of the human demi-figure, supported on a ram's head. Much diversity of opinion exists as to its origin. Some have considered it the emblem of the great God Thor . . the Jupiter of the Northern Religions; but I am not aware of any instance of the Saxon architects having so associated the symbols of their pagan creed with the worship of their new Faith, nor can I find any evidence of such antiquity as this would imply in the history of the Church. It is, rather, one of those ancient sculptures, employed as ornaments to the keystones or friezes of their edifices by the early Norman Architects. And a similar tendency to the Grotesque is evident in the curious unshapely designs that still so strangely decorate the interior of so many Gothic Cathedrals—"grinning heads of wood and stone." It may, possibly, have been intended as an emblem of Strength. Various singular figures, similar in style and workmanship, adorned the ancient Building; \* a Dragon, with a waving tail terminating in its mouth, as a symbol of Eternity; and rude symbolical illustrations of Sin and the Holy Dove.

The only object of mark in the interior, is the font, which on its eight faces, bears well designed illustrations of various Scriptural Events: The Temptation of Eve, the Loss of Paradise, the Curse of Labour, Death, Christ's Baptism, His Suffering on the Blessed Cross, His Ascension, and the Last Judgment. Beneath the reading desk is the figure of Moses, as with arms upheld by Aaron and Hur, "until the going down of the sun," he ensured to the Israelites the victory over Amalek, when "Amalek came, and fought with Israel in Rephidim." (Exod. xvii. 8—13.)

No monuments of interest attract the thoughtful eye in the narrow Churchyard. An ancient tomb, under the window of the South Chancel, bears the following inscription:—

HEARE LYETH THE BODYES OF  
JAMES GOODLAD PARSON A  
ND SARAH HIS WIFE THERE  
AGE 66 AND WERE BURIED THE  
6 OF FEBRUARIE ANO. D.M. 1620 I G

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\* Three of these curious emblems are preserved above the western windows, viz.—the Fall of Man, Eternity, and the Holy Dove. I may mention here that the church bell bears an inscription, smacking of Catholic inspiration; "Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis:"—Holy Mary, pray for us.—a common enough legend on bells of ancient founding.

The I. G. being probably the initials of the worthy Architect, appended somewhat unmeaningly to the plain inscription.—And a grave-stone, with a quaint sculpture representing a sloop chased by a small boat, is raised “To the Memory of Thomas Sivell who was cruelly shot on board his sloop by some Officers of the Customs of the Port of Portsmouth, June 15th, 1786, at the age of 61 years, leaving a disconsolate widow and Family.” Tradition has named this, the Smuggler’s Grave—a strange association in these leafy solitudes, reminding us of the stormy days when England and France were bitter foes, and of the unwise legislative restrictions that fostered crime, and encouraged the violation of the principles of Honour, and the feelings of Justice and Humanity.

These graves are sheltered within the shadow of venerable trees, and in the solitude one can feel that

“The place is purified with hope,  
The hope that is of prayer ;—

but no vista of natural loveliness opens upon the gladdened eye. It has only the charm of silence and the joy of solitude. Here, undisturbed, one might muse through the summer noon, while every moment brought some new thought or some old memory,

“Each with the ghost of some lost hope or friend,  
Following it like its shadow.”

Here one might wish to pass, ever and anon, some silent hours, dedicated to remembrance, sacred to the Long Ago ; and beneath the shade of its trees,

“Quà pinus ingens albaque populus  
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant  
“Remis.”

one might wish to rest when Life’s brief fever had ceased to stir the heart and make the blood run riot in the veins

Adjacent to the Church are the Parsonage, and the cottage orneé of Lord Downes : these we shall take note of hereafter ; so—not turning aside to visit the insignificant cluster of thatched huts which is dignified with the appellation of Binstead,—we enter the “bosky thicket” and leafy dells of Quarr Wood. “Beneath

the brown shade of the oak trees " we loiter slowly,—stepping forth, ever and anon, from the shadow into broad, open spaces rife with wild flowers;—and we look away towards the glittering waters of Southampton, dreaming of the legends and the histories that haunt their ancient shores, or we gaze on the towers of Osborne sparkling on the distant ridge, and the little wooded inlet of King's Quay, where once a monarch sought refuge and repose. We reach the last dim glades of the wood, and note the rivulet that plashes onward over the mossy stones; and then we climb the gentle ascent, and look down upon the broad meadow where once stood the wealthy Abbey of Quarr.

### QUARR.

In the year 1132, was founded this famous Abbey, which is said to have derived its name from the quarries (*De Quarrariis*) that once abounded in its neighbourhood.\* Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon and Lord of the Island, builded it, and from Savigny in Normandy he brought over some monks of the Cistercian order,† and he bestowed the manor of Arreton upon Geoffrey, their Abbot, for its endowment. Upwards of 30 acres were included within its ample walls. And truly a noble site the Earl's grand Devotion selected! the elm and the oak sheltered it from the rude winds—a mighty forest girded it on the eastward—to the west, green woodlands sloped gently down to the marge of the Wootton river. So when the noble knight had ended his illustrious career, he bade the monks lay his bones within the holy precincts of the Abbey he had created. And here, at a later date, they buried his wife Adeliza, and Henry, his youngest son.

The Abbey was speedily enriched with numerous benefactions. There are still extant many old charters, specifying the dona-

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\* The stone from Binstead and Quarr was once highly valued. Dr. Mantell states that it may be seen in several of the old Sussex Churches, and in the facing of the Priory of Lewes.

† The Cistercians were founded in the 11th century by St. Robert, a Benedictine. They were very strict in their rules; neither wore skins nor shirts; ate no flesh, eggs, milk or cheese; lay upon beds of straw; and observed, in all their religious exercises, a devout silence.—In a "Description of the Wight Iland," by one "William White, Gent., and augmented and published by John Speed, Citizen of London," (A.D., 1610,) mention is made of "a Nunnery at Quarre;"—but no other writer on the History of the Island—to the best of my knowledge—refers to such a circumstance.

tions of the pious Normans. A deed, without date, records the munificence of one Engelgerius de Bohun, of Hazely: probably soon after the foundation of the Abbey. Its preamble is so quaint and expressive, that I must needs translate it:†—"Inasmuch as the life of mortals in this world is confined to a very brief period, and our ancestors deprived of their bodily vestments (*indumentis*) attest this by the surest proofs, it behoves us, while still their survivors, to provide with discreet resolution for the exercise of charity, and usefully to consider beforehand how we may obtain pardon in the presence of the Divine Majesty, as we are admonished by the authority of the Holy Fathers, so that this active life of mortality may be, as it were, a stepping-stone to heavenly contemplation; and thus, transitory goods are granted us by the gift of the Divine munificence, that we may exchange them for things which are eternal, and truly admonish us to make a return to God by the Office of Charity. Wherefore, I, Engelgerius de Bohun, in the knowledge of all men, as well now as for ever, give in charity to God and the Church of St. Mary of Quarr, and to the monks there ministering, for the safety of my soul and the souls of my parents, my land of Haseley in the Isle of Wight, which I by hereditary right possess from my progenitors—I give, I say, the same land freely and peaceably to the aforesaid Church, to be held for ever as freely as I have held it."

William de Vernon, son of Baldwin, bestowed lands upon Quarr, by a Charter dated Sept. 4th, 1206, for the benefit of the souls of King Henry II., the Earl Baldwin, his mother Adeliza, his senior brother Richard, Mabel his wife, and Baldwin his son. Richard had previously confirmed his father's grants, in the "Charter of Foundation and Confirmation of Richard, Earl of Devon."—(*Carta Foundationis et Confirmationis Richardi Comitiss Exoniæ.*) Among the lands mentioned in this Charter are *Tidlingham*, given by Hubert; *Louecombe* (Luccombe), the gift of Hugo de Magnaville; *Shaldeflete*, of Hugo de Vernon; the Chapel of *St. Nicholas, Carisbrooke*; land in *Cumpton* and *Chielle*, (Chale); in *Sorewell* (Shorwell), "which Hugo gave by consent of Godfrey, son of Jordan;" and *Escheldcumb* (Shalcombe), the donation of Hubert de Valle. A right of sanctuary is also conceded, and all charitable gifts of his barons are fully confirmed. The deed thus closes:—"I grant the land of Haseley which Engel. de Bohun gave the aforesaid Church, which as a donation of mine and my fathers (*quam ut eleemosinam patris mei et concessi*) I have yielded. He who shall dare to violate it shall be

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† This Deed is extant among the Dodsworth MSS., in the Ashmolean Library, Oxon. It bears the seals of Algar, Bishop of Constance; Hugh, Abbot of Cerasium; Letri, Abbot of Mantzbourg; Theodore, Abbot of St. Laud; Serlo, Abbot of Savigny; Bigot, and others.

punished with an eternal curse. I, Richard, Count of Devon, son of the Count Baldwin, confirm this grant with my sign X. Witnessed by Henry de Am., William de Moreville, Godfrey de Lisle (de Insula), William, son of Stur, William, son of Radulph, Oliver Avenal, Robert de Courcy, Robert Trenchard, Simon Godshull, William, son of Urry, and others."

These grants were again confirmed by Henry II., in a Charter which is only interesting as showing the variations then common in the orthography of names of localities. Thus, Chielle, is here written Chale; Shaldeffete, Escelofleet; and Escheldcumb, has been diminished to Shaldecumbe. Henry himself, while yet Duke of Normandy, had granted to the monks of Quarr an estate in Normandy, called Loewelle—and it is probable that most of the benefactions referred to were made during the reign of Stephen, when the Cistercian monks were held in high repute, and when as Fortune favoured either King or Empress, Stephen or Maude—their respective followers showed their gratitude to the Saints by endowments of their favorite Abbeys.

Dugdale tells us that in the Annals of St. Werburg, it is styled, "The Daughter of Savigny;" a title it owed, in all probability, to the mere circumstance of its having been established under the direction of an Abbot of that Monastery. It implies no dependence upon that body. A Bull of Pope Gregory (tenth year of his pontificate, an. 1238) is extant, which authorizes the Abbot and Convent of Quarr to choose a Confessor from their own body.

Lambard, in his Topographical and Historical Dictionary of England, has the following observation relative to this Abbey:—"Finally, although Paulus Jovius\* wrote that the inhabitants of this Island be wont to boast merely, that they neyther had amongst them, Monks, Lawiers, Wolfes, nor Foxes, yet I find them all, save one, in one Monasterie, called Quarr, valued at 134 pounndes of yearly revennue, and founded in the Yeare 1132, after th' order of Savigniac, in Fraunce, as the Chronicles of Chester have Mention."

In 1340, the then Abbot of Quarr held the office of Warden of the Island, and had charge of its defences. He obtained a license from King Edward to fortify the Abbey, and strong walls were erected, some portions of which still attract the curious gaze. The sea-gate was furnished with a portcullis, and loop-holes for the admission of arquebuses and muskets were pierced

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\* Paulus Jovius, in Italian *Giovio*, was born at Como in Italy, in the year 1483, and died at Florence in 1552. His principal production is his History of his own Times, embracing the annals of every nation, from 1494 to 1544. He was a man of wit and erudition, and his works are distinguished by their animation and elegance of style, though his authority as an historian is of little account. Lambarde was a lawyer, born in London, in 1526; died 1601.

at suitable places. Westward, on a large circular mound, was stationed one of the watches of the Island, and there the mighty beacon blazed when danger was apprehended. In the regulations drawn up for the protection of the inhabitants, it is provided, that none but licensed boats shall be allowed to leave the ports, except the boats belonging to Robert de Pimely, Sir Bartholomew de Lisle, and the Abbot of Quarr; the Abbot, moreover, contributed 4 armed men to the quota furnished by the land-owners of the Island in the reign of the Third Edward.

The estates of this Abbey comprised some of the finest lands of the Island.\* They were taxed, *in temp.* Card. Beaufort, as

\* Deeds and charters, in existence, relative to Quarr Abbey:—

1. In the reign of Henry II., a grant by Geoffrey de Insula of a mill at Shalfleet.

2. The attestation of a grant to Quarr, by Richard, Earl of Devon, (*Temp.* Henry II.)

3. A Grant of Eleven acres of Land, in Whippingham, by Henry Claville (About the same date. Claville's crest is, punningly, a Key.)

4. A grant by Robert de Giros of a yearly rent of one silver mark, due on account of certain lands at Wellow. (Same date.)

5. Two grants by Geoffrey de Insula (*temp.* Henry XI.) of lands not specified.

6. Land, and a mill at Sway, in the parish of Boldre, given by Hugh de Witteville, in the same reign.

7. A confirmation by Thomas a Beckett, the Archbishop, of the grant of the manor of Whitfield, made by Hugh de Witteville, A.D. 1158.

8. A petition (in Norman French) from the Abbot of Quarr to the Parliament, (ann 7. Edward III.) complaining that the said manor had been seized by John de Wyville, and praying the king and council to enquire into the matter.

9. Hawise or Hadewise de Rivers grants the church of Fleet, in the diocese of Sarum, "with all its appurtenances, in pure and perpetual charity, entirely freed from all secular servitude." She accuses, in the same grant, the monks of Mantzbourg, in Normandy, of fraudulently removing her charter from the said church.

10. Walter Motte grants twelve acres, at Christchurch, to Quarr Abbey.

11. A grant by Walter de Insula of land lying on the side of St. Boniface down, towards Luccombe.

12. A grant by William de Vernon, Earl of Devon, of two hundred acres of land, in Wellow.

13. A grant by William de Vernon of two small islands near Christchurch.

14. A grant by Alwarie de Newton, or Niton, of lands in Niton, (*temp.* Henry III.)

15. Cession on the part of Thomas Niweham, or Newnham, of the twelve formerly granted by Walter Motte.

16. Exchange of Blackland for Combley, between the monks of Quarr and Simon Fitz Hubert.

17. Composition with the Convent of Lyra for the tithes of several lands belonging to Quarr, made between Helderius, Abbot of Lyra, and Gervase, Abbot of Quarr, surrendering to the Abbey of Lyra for 40 shillings, the tithes of Arreton, Haseley, Luccombe, Tidlingham and Shalcombe. (*Temp.* Stephen.)

18. An exchange in the 40th year of Henry III. of lands, between Andrew, Abbot of Quarr, and Walter Tholomeus, Rector of Arreton. The latter surrenders "*totam terram spectantem ad ecclesiam suam*," the land in the vicinity of his church; and receives an equal portion "*near the land*



appears from a record in the archives of the registry at Winton, according to the following computation :—

Taxation of the lands of the Abbey; temp. Card. Beaufort.  
(From the Register of Winchester.)

" De reditu assis. taxat. ad	viiijmarks.
" Apud Newnham, ad	xviii.
" Apud Sambele (Combley), ad	xviiij.
" Apud Arreton, ad	xviiij.
" Virga de Bykeburie, ad	lxs.
" Apud Hasseley, ad	xviiij.
" Apud Lovecomb, ad	xij.
" Apud Staplehurst et Claybrook	xls.
" Apud Roweburgh (Rowborough)	ls.
" Apud Schete	vij.
" Apud Shalcomb and Compton	xiii.
" Apud Benestede	xls.
" Apud Foxore	lviiij.
" Apud Schrob et Goy, ad	xliij.
De duobus molendinis apud Xti ecclesiam	xij.
De quat. molend. in Ins. Vecta	xvs.
(Sway, Shalfleet, Muresflete, and La Thorpe.)	
De proventu tannaria	xls.

xx.

" Sm. iiij. xvij. iij. iiij. Inde decima ix. xiij. iiij."

As Worsley remarks, there is some error here: the total,

formerly belonging to William Stuke, that is, on the west of the road which leads from Arreton to Horringford." Other exchanges are specified.

19 A grant (dated 1243,) from the Priory of Christchurch, of the rent of 11 pounds sterling, charged on the manors of Ningewood and Milford, (a) in consideration of lands transferred to them by Quarr—one messuage land, meadows and lands, at La Thorpe.

20. Grant of lands in Sway, (Hampshire,) by Ralph Futchet, for which the convent takes charge of his son Godfrey, and undertakes to make him a monk. Godfrey appears to have been the second son—Eustace the eldest, and Walter the youngest.

21. William de Oglander makes a grant of lands in Pann.

22. William de Caulburn (*in orig.* Cauburn) grants his part of the water at Maresfield, and of the Medina near Schypewasse, whether to construct a mill, or establish a fishery at a yearly rent of one pound sterling. Right of way is also conceded.

23. Grant of a yearly rent of 6s. out of Gatcombe by Matilda de Estur. (Edward I.)

24. Charter of Confirmation from Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Albe-marle and Devon, and Lady of the Isle of Wight, of a tenement and manor at Arreton; land and a tenement at Seece, belonging to the manor of Luccombe; mills, lands and tenements at Christchurch and Holdenhurst, and a tenth of her salterns at Lymington. Other confirmations follow of grants of lands and tenements at Luccombe, a mill at Shalfleet, lands and tenements at "Forwode, Scandeflet, Rowbere, (Rowborough,) Sueye, Hamstede, Hasleye, Yerde, and Bikeberge," (Bugbury.)

25. Grant of a pension of 10s. sterling by the Abbot and Convent of Quarr  
(a) Worsley erroneously spells it Mitford.

£96 3s. 4d., is right, according to the tithe, but the sums set down do not amount to so great a total.

Its revenues at the time of its dissolution must have been worth, according to the present value of money, about £2,600 yearly. I have been unable to ascertain the number of monks it supported, nor is there any means of definitely computing the vassals on its lands. Its past is buried in obscurity, affording but few and doubtful facts to guide the archæological enquirer.

At the dissolution of the Religious Houses, this Abbey—we are told—was purchased by a merchant of Southampton, a Mr. George Mills. With a sublime vandalism, the merchant dared to profane this noble monument of the creed of his forefathers; and, for the sake of their materials, pulled down the shapely columns, overthrew the graceful arches, desecrated the shrine, and violated the sanctuary. Even the sepulchres of the great his sacriligious avarice presumed to profane. Here William de Vernon had a gorgeous mausoleum, for £300 had he bequeathed that his bones and those of his father might find a worthy resting place. Here rested the countess Adeliza; and Henry, the son of Count Baldwin, and many an Abbot,—his reign of sanctity over,—and many a pious brother. Here, too, the eye might have rested upon a noble memorial of the Lady Cicely, second daughter of King Edward IV., who died at Standen, in the parish of Arreton. But this man—may his memory be accurst to all posterity!—scrupled not to desecrate even the very solitude of the Dead.

Of the son of this merchant, the estate was purchased by the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Thomas Fleming,\* an ancestor of the present proprietor. From the days of the Normans the family of

to Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and his successors, for having appropriated the church of Arreton to the said Abbey on the cession or death of the Rector then living—Dated 20th Nov. 1405.

26. The King's precept to William de Braybæuf, Sheriff of Southampton, (27 Oct. 1282,) to take into his protection the Abbot and Convent of Quarr, and their land, against the Countess Isabella, who had brought upon them—*damna gravissima*—grievous ills.

27. Thomas de Aula grants the manor of Briddlesford, *Teste Wallerano Teutonico custode insulæ*—Walleran the Teuton (also called Walleran de Ties)—being witness. (About 1216.)

28. A composition between the Abbey of Quarr and the Rector of Godshill, concerning the tithes of Rew Farm.

29. A grant of lands from Elias de Phalaise.

30. A charter of free warren in their own lands from Edward III.

31. Licence (Edward III.) for the Abbot and his successors to fortify their lands at Fish-house, and on the coast, with stone walls and towers.

[These deeds, or, at least, most of them are given by Worsley, in the appendix to his History, and a similar enumeration of them at pages 173-4-5;—but I have carefully collated them, and translated them from the original Latin.]

\*He also purchased from the Earl of Southampton, the lands of Hyde Abbey, Winchester.

Fleming appears to have been connected with the town of Southampton. Their name repeatedly occurs in the records of the corporation, from Michael Flandrensis (the Latin form), bailiff of Southampton in 1222, to John Flemynge, mayor in 1503 and 1504. As early as 1298, we find John Fleming returned as one of the members, "returned to sit in the second Parliament to which Southampton sent members," and the last member of the family who sat for the town was John Willis Fleming, in 1784.

It is with difficulty now, that the most curious observer can trace the original foundation of the once wealthy Abbey of Quarr. The deathless ivy clammers over the few hoary stones that remain to tell us of the skill of its Norman architects. A broad, green meadow blooms, where once stood the cells and chambers of the pious monks. A farm yard occupies the site of the chapel and of the monastery. A long line of stone coffins, sixty years ago, was exhumed on this very spot. The refectory, where once the good monks did justice to their good cheer, is now a barn. An arch—a niche—a pillar—and scarcely more remains, in any degree of preservation, of the original Edifice. In the walls around you, and in the mossy stones on the brink of the sea-beach, you see some few memorials of its ancient strength. Enough, indeed, is extant to show that it received additions and underwent alterations at various periods. The Early English or Norman architecture of the original building being, as it were, encrusted with columns and arches of a later date. "In the wall of the stable," says Sir H. Englefield, "there is a jamb of an arch, with a very neat pillar of the age of Henry III. A picturesque square vaulted room, with a pointed arched door, serves as a wood house; and in the farmer's garden there is a ruin overgrown with luxuriant ivy, which appears to have been designed for private apartments, the rooms being small and neatly finished, seemingly of a date not much anterior to the Dissolution"—in the perpendicular style of the age of Henry VI.

One should visit this "hallowed ground," as Scott would have one visit Melrose, "by the pale moonlight,"

when the far-off waters play in the track of the tremulous glory, and a certain holiness of feeling seems to surround the mossy ruin. Again, as one muses in the silence, the past grows into life and action. One hears the vespers chiming through the young green elms; one sees the peasant waiting at the Abbey gate to receive his daily dole. The cowed monks move noiselessly through the stilly glades. The bale fire blazes on the distant mound. The world of the Olden Time moves and lives about us, and peoples this haunted grove. Truly, a noble edifice the piety (or the superstition) of "the Norman founder" raised! But, alas! only these stones—these broken columns—these dilapidated arches stand now in the melancholy moonlight. One thought, then, ere we turn away—one sad and reverent thought let us consecrate to the memory of those who once peopled this famous spot, who lived within its circuit, and died believing they should slumber here undisturbed!

"Oh, I doe love these auncient ruynes—  
 We never tread upon them but we set  
 Our foote upon some reverend historie;  
 And, questionless, here, in this open court,  
 (Which now lies naked to the injuries  
 Of stormy weather), some men lye interred,  
 Loved the Church so well, and gave so largely to it,  
 They thought it should have canopied their bones  
 Till Domesday: but all things have their end—  
 Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)  
 Must have like Death that we have."\*

Near these ruins, to the south, is an ancient wood; once, we are told, of considerable extent, and well peopled with venerable oaks. There exists a fantastic tradition that Eleanor, the Queen of Henry II.,—the heroine of another tradition equally baseless, but more sombre,—was imprisoned at Quarr, and loved to wander about the sequestered glades, affecting them so much that she directed her grave should be made "beneath

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\* Webster's "Dutchess of Malfry."

the shade of the melancholy boughs." And so, even now, the peasant names this spot "Queen Eleanor's Grove."

A pleasant pathway leads us from Quarr, nearly through this wood or coppice, into the high road from Ryde. Descending a steep hill, we find ourselves on the marge of a broad creek, or haven, known as the Wootton River, and also as Fishhouse Creek.

#### WOOTTON.

A broad lake occupies the hollow, whose slopes are clothed with verdure: the ample waters sweep away to the south, overshadowed by pendent boughs: northward, they rush to the sea, which they enter between two headlands; that in the east being known as Fishhouse (once Fischowse) point, where, in 1636, a watch of two men was kept, and a beacon lighted, under the direction of Sir William Lisle.

By a causeway, called Wootton Bridge, 905 feet in length, we cross this inlet, which is indifferently named Fishhouse creek, or Wootton River, and up a steep ascent we progress through the little hamlet of Wootton. On our right, above the trees, peers the little church; on our left, we note *Kite Hill*, the residence of *Dennis Hollingworth, Esq.*, and *Fern Hill*, the park-like seat of *S. Saunders, Esq.* The dark, over-hanging crests of the distant Downs, and the rapid alternation of combe, and lea, and coppice; northward, the hills of Hampshire, and their glittering quarries, and the long, white terraces of Anglesea, and the brown pastures, dotted with many cottages; away to the east, Spithead, glorious with many masts—screw men-of-war, the graceful frigate, the miniature gunboat, so little significant in appearance of its formidable armament; these are the objects on which, O reader,—my very trusty and observant friend,—thine eyes now rest in wondering admiration. And so while thus thou gladdenest thyself with contemplation of the present, let me, thy guide, for awhile delve deep into the archives of the past.

In Domesday Book, there is the following entry respecting Wootton :—"Adetone ten. rex. Eddid regina tenuit. Tc. mo. geldav. p. una hida. Ibi sunt iiii villi. cu. iii car. Var. and redd. iii lib."...The king holds Adetone. Queen Eddid held it. Then and now taxed at one hide. There are 4 villeins, with 3 carucates. Valued at, and pays 3 pounds...It was formerly a part of the parish of Whippingham, but was separated from it in the reign of Henry III., when Walter de Insula founded the Chapel as an adjunct to his manor-house, and endowed it "with glebe, arable, pasture, and woodlands, and the tithes of his demesne lands at Wootton and Chillerton."

In the reign of Henry III., Walter de Insula ("bailiff of the Island,") separated the parish of Wootton from that of Whippingham. He then built a small chapel,—probably for the convenience of his family,—and endowed it with "glebe, arable, pasture, and woodlands, adding the tithes of his demesne lands at Wootton and Chillerton, which is a part of the parish, notwithstanding it lies eight miles distant, adjoining to Gatecombe." This edifice was destroyed by fire, and the present building erected, in the early part of Edward III.'s reign. For my own part, from various architectural indications, especially from the evident antiquity of the Norman doorway, I am inclined to believe that a great portion of the original edifice was embodied in the present structure. It is, in other respects, exceedingly uninteresting, though it is boldly situated on a well-wooded ridge, embracing extensive views. A small chapel was connected with the old Church, dedicated to St. Edmund the King. It was independent of the Church: possessed a distinct endowment, and had its own chaplain. Such, at least, is the pith of the entry relative to Wootton in the return of Bishop Woodlock (1315):—"Capella Seti. Edmundi in Capella de Wodyton cum Capellano eidem Capellæ seti. Edmundi." In the valuation of the Benefices of the Island (*temp.* Card. Beaufort), it is rated at 12 marks.

The manor of Wootton was lately the property of the Rev. Walton White, having descended to him from the Popham family. The rectory is of the yearly value of £240, and the present incumbent is the Rev. R. Scott.

Wootton Bridge is a long, narrow causeway, more than three hundred yards in length, constructed across the creek, "for the purpose of penning back the tides" that work the corn mill on its banks. The lake, which at high water presents a very picturesque appearance, extends in a serpentine form about a mile above the bridge, and its mouth is about the same distance



below it. A graphic description of its principal features is given by Windham, in his "Picture of the Isle of Wight, in 1793."—"At my first embarking," he says, "the sloping declivities on each side, and, particularly, on the lawn which descends from Mr. Orde's house, abound with several natural groups of trees.

"A smaller creek of water winding round a jutting point of this lawn, losing itself in a little coppice, adds much to the beauty of this scene. About half a mile higher, the banks of the water begin to be contracted into a width of about 150 feet, and continue of that breadth, till it receives a brook which rises in Combley wood, and occasionally descends in a rapid torrent, under Black Bridge, near Haven Street, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the uppermost part of the pool.

"The whole of this contracted channel wears a solemn gloom; and its winding course quickly conveyed me into a region of the thickest shade, where antient and decayed oaks exposed their half naked roots from both its banks, while their low and spreading branches impended over and darkened the water beneath them. The gentle acclivities, also, on all sides are covered with coppices and woods, as far as the eye could reach from the boat. It will be proper to observe, that this little voyage can only be undertaken while the pool is full, as even then, the water is very shallow; but when the water is expended by the working of the mill, the current exhibits only a sorry brook, meandering through a broad expanse of oozy and offensive mud.

"The reader may form an idea of the uncommon shallowness of this water, when he is informed, that, though it covers the space of one hundred acres, it is all consumed in the space of five hours, by the operations of a single mill. The banks of the creek below the bridge, and even at its mouth, are partially covered with coppices and timber."

## SECTION 5.

## RYDE TO NEWCHURCH.

Southward of Ryde, the high road leads over hill and dale, across wild, barren moors, and up precipitous acclivities, to Ashey and Newchurch, and will still further conduct the tourist to the silent shades of Appuldercombe, and the shores of the Channel. On leaving the town, he passes on the right, the square building of the INFIRMARY, and, adjacent to the Cemetery, the little Chapel of ST. PAUL; then, by a narrow lane, he is guided through a delightful landscape, through ancestral oaks and venerable elms,—ever and anon, he will catch glimpses of an antique cottage, with its diamond-shaped panes, its thatched roofs, its little parterre of flowers, its mossy stones,—or, an old farm-house, with all its adjuncts of “browsing kine,” sweet-smelling hay-ricks, its well-stored barns and its many gables. On the East, lies the ancient manor of Kerne, Curne, or Cerne, thus described in the Domesday Book: “Lacherne ten. rex. Herald. com. tenuit. Tc. geldav. p. una hida mo. p. nichilo. Tra. e. i car. et ibi e. in dnio. cu. ii. bord. et v servis. T. R. E. xxv solid. et post. et modo xx solid.”—Lacherne the king holds. Count Harold held it. It was then assessed at one hide, now at nothing. The land is one carucate, and there are two borders, and five slaves. In the time of King Edward, it was valued at 25 shillings; afterwards, and now, at 20 shillings.” It afterwards became the property of the Russells of Yaverland; and, in the time of Isabella de Fortibus, a fourth part was held by the Knights Templars in alms, being derived from her *in capite*. The chaplains of Barton, held a similar portion under a similar tenure. The crown seized the manor at a later period, and granted it to Winchester College. A lease of it, from that Body, was held by Mr. Bagster.

A little farther to the East lies Chillingwood Coppice.

The thirteenth part of a fee in Chillingwood was held by one Roger de Chellingwood of Hugh de Chekenhull, as part of the claims of the Countess Isabella. In conjunction with Osborne, it contributed three bowmen to the defence of the island, (13 Edw. iii.)

Let us now ascend the heights of Asheys Down. Bare—bleak—but magnificent! It is a morning in Spring, and the sunlight has not yet streamed upon the grey skies. A mist, a cloud is around us and beneath us.—Suddenly, the glorious sun breaks upon the glittering vapours, and a fresh breeze coming over the southern hills—over the waters of the Channel—speeding afar from the vines of Normandy—sweeps away the sunlit mist, that yet hangs like a glory upon the valleys. Away it rolls over the Solent, over the Hampshire Hills, until it is gathered up into the blue depths of the distant heaven; and see what a wonderful picture spreads around, touched by a Divine hand, and gleaming with a thousand wondrous hues! We gaze with a certain undefinable emotion—a feeling we cannot ourselves completely comprehend; a mingled burst of adoration, wonder, and love.

“Filled is the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape  
“Lies as if newly-created in all the freshness of childhood.”

Southward, a barrier of hills rises sternly and solemnly. We know that beyond it stretches the broad ocean, and that the wind that murmurs past us has swept over the rippling waters. On the crest of one lofty ridge stands an ancient tower; and upon another, the highest of all the chain, whose peak is almost hidden in the clouds, we dimly see a signal post and the hazy outline of a light-house. Beneath us, as we still look southward, lies the rich vale of Newchurch, and many a broad green meadow sparkles in the wavy sunlight, and the narrow Yar trails, like a line of silver, through the rich pastures, and the village church crowns a distant eminence, and everywhere the eye lights upon sequestered hamlets, tree-embosomed farms, clusters of quiet cottages, groves, gardens, coppices,—until he who

gazes, if he be not dead to all the sweet influences of the Beautiful, feels happier, and purer, aye, and wiser for the truths that Nature fashions into so sweet a form. Westward, down follows down, and valley succeeds to valley, and in a woody hollow nestles the village of Arreton. Northward, the Solent brightens, in varying breadth,—its farther shores peopled with busy towns,—its waters swelling beneath the proudest ships of England's Navy. Note how they roll away to the east, disdaining, so to speak, the limits of the narrow channel,—breaking in glittering spray against the chalky Culver—surging on the shores of Sandown—flowing, with a gentle ripple, into the silent cove of Ventnor. Features such as these, and others which the eye alone can realize, may be marked by him who stands on Ashey Down!

In a deep gorge, “embowered in fine trees,” and sheltered by a lofty hill from rude winds, stood—but forty years ago—one of the noblest manorial houses in the Island. Knighton, that “ancient mansion, with its woods, groves, and gardens,” with its legends of crime and splendour, its memories of the pious servitude of “The Dairyman's Daughter,”—scarce a stone remains to tell the traveller where it stood! What once it was we are fain to conjecture from the “*επεα πτεροεντα*,” the *winged words*, of him\* who has so finely chronicled the devout life of the peasant maiden, who sleeps in the quiet grave-yard of Arreton:—“The Manor-house had evidently descended through a long line of ancestry, from a distant period of time. The Gothic character of its original architecture was still preserved in the latticed windows, adorned with carved divisions and pillars of stone-work. Several pointed terminations also, in the construction of the roof, according to the custom of our forefathers, corresponded with the general features of the building. One end of the house was entirely clothed with the thick foliage of

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\* Legh Richmond, in “The Dairyman's Daughter.”

an immense ivy, which climbed beyond customary limits, and embraced a lofty chimney up to its very summit." The description given by Wyndham is equally worthy of quotation:—"The large and venerable mansion of Knighton, half mantled with ivy up to its roof, which, though it appears from the hills above to be fixed in the abyss of a valley, yet commands an extensive prospect over a country that is still much lower than the house. Viewed from below, it exhibits its picturesque site, deeply embosomed in well-timbered woods, which rise on the east and west sides, in steep acclivities to a height almost equal to the Down." Such was Knighton-Gorges in the last years of the 18th century!

#### NEWCHURCH.

On the summit of a steep hill lies the village of Newchurch. The church stands on the very brink, looking northward, and commanding an extensive and varied view. The village straggles along the high road to the south, and possesses nothing worthy of notice by the archæologist. The downs of Gatcombe and Arreton rear their lofty heads on the west: to the east, stretches a deep valley, bounded in the distance by the hills of Brading, beyond which one can just discern the chalky sides of the Culver Cliffs. Nature, therefore, has done much to compensate for what man has not done; and the scenery of Newchurch is sufficiently beautiful to render the village an object of interest to the tourist.

Very ancient, but, it must needs be owned, very void of architectural elegance,—is the church of Newchurch. It is tolerably large, and cruciform in shape; with a small square tower, surmounted by a wooden spire. The interior is perfectly unadorned. It possesses few monuments of interest. At the end of the northern aisle is the burial place of the Dillington family, marked by eight inscriptions—of various dates, from 1674 to 1749—and without any special character. At the south

end, there is a memorial of Lieut. General Maurice Bocland, of Knighton manor, who was twice returned to parliament for the little borough of Yarmouth, and once for Lymington, and who died in 1765, after a career of honorable usefulness,—and a life devoted to the service of his country. In the body of the church there is a record of William Thatcher, who died in 1776; and in the chancel, a memorial of William Bowles, who died in 1748—both not undeserving of notice.

Newchurch, in Cardinal Beaufort's roll, is valued at 100 marks, and pays a yearly pension of 4 marks. In the 1st of King Edward 6th, the commissioners for the sale of the plate of the Churches and Religious Houses record the sale of one hundred and forty ounces of plate, consisting of a cross, chalice, censor, paxe, and "a pair of crewats" for thirty pounds, and a suit of vestments for six pounds, belonging to Newchurch.

It was one of the six churches presented by William Fitz Osborne, to the Abbey of Lyra. Afterwards, when the Duchy of Normandy was regained by the French Crown, Newchurch was bestowed upon the Abbey of Beaulieu, in the New Forest. That body, it appears from the register, presented a vicar to it in 1447.

Henry VIII. on the spoliation of the Religious Houses, gave it to his newly-created bishopric of Bristol, and the presentation to the vicarage is still vested in that see. Its net annual value is £150. The Chapel of St. Thomas at Ryde, is dependent upon it.

From 1760 to 1790, the yearly average of baptisms was about 43, of marriages 10, and burials 20. In 1850, there took place 25 baptisms, 21 burials, and 31 marriages. In 1795, Ryde was inhabited by 600 persons. "By an accurate numbering of the people," says the register, "who lived at Ryde, August 1808, it appears the inhabitants amounted to 1161 at that time: viz. males, 572; females, 519." In 1851, Ryde contained a population of 7,147. In 1821, the population of the whole parish was 2,847; in 1831, it had increased to 4,928; to 8,203 in 1841; and ten years later, it had swollen to 11,549. Thus in 40 years, the population has been quadrupled.



## VICARS OF NEWCHURCH.

J. J. Smay.....(his name first occurs about)	1687
William Kelway .....	1694
Gerard Wilmot .....	1732
W. Braikenridge .....	1736
Thos. Cope.....	1742
J. Swinton.....(died)	1777
C. Gough Seare.....(died)	1816
Wetenhall Sneyd.....	1816
Spencer Phillips.....	

The Registers contain the following entries respecting these Incumbents:—"1719, June 27th, Ride Chappel and St. Helen's consecrated.—William Kelway, Vicar who was inducted in the year 1694, a little before Christmas, by Mr. Griffin, then Vicar of Arreton."—"Gerard Wilmot, A.M., was inducted Vicar, July ye 15th, 1732, by ye Revd. Mr. John Gilbert, Rector of Whippingham."—"W. Braikenridge, M.A., was inducted Vicar, May the 7th, 1736, by Thomas Dickonson, Rector of Kingston."—"June 11th, 1739,—William Braikenridge, Vicar, was admitted to the degree of a Doctor in Divinity, at the Marshal College of Aberdeen."—"April 24th, 1742,—W. Braikenridge, DD., was instituted into the Rectory of St. Michael Bassishaw, London."—"August 13th, 1742,—Thomas Cope, M.A., was inducted Vicar, by William Braikenridge, Rector of St. Michael Bassishaw, London."—"The Revd. Wetenhall Sneyd, was inducted into the Parish of Newchurch, on Thursday, the first day of August, 1816—void by the death of the late Vicar, Charles Gough Seare, who died the 13th of June, 1816."



## CHAP. III.

## NEWPORT AND ITS VICINITY.

## SECTION 1.

## THE TOWN OF NEWPORT.



NEWPORT, the metropolis of the Island, the “Medina” of Isabella de Fortibus, lies in a pleasant valley, opening northward to the sea,—sheltered southward by lofty downs that sweep far away, with undulating crests, even to the Needles Point; and eastward, by the heights of Arreton, and St. George’s Down. The mossy keep of Carisbrooke towers above the south-western quarter of the City; the firs of Parkhurst Forest, wave their green tops in the wind, away to the westward. From the summit of the hill which you descend on entering Newport from the East, you see the busy town, with its canopy of smoke, in the hollow; the River Medina, escaping from the streets and mills that crowd its banks, and flowing through the Vale—with gradually broadening waters—until it widens into the Solent between the maritime towns of East and West Cowes: the red quadrangle of Parkhurst, and its straggling houses, above the farther bank of the River; and the parish church of Northwood, just discernible amid the trees.

In the History of the Island, Newport as its wealthiest municipality—as its metropolis—as the centre of its trade—plays no unimportant part. Through the

streets of her “new borough” one can fancy how Isabella de Fortibus—

“That perfect woman, nobly plann’d,  
To warn, to comfort, and command,”—

rode on her gaily-caparisoned palfrey, with a glittering retinue of knights, squires, and pages, while each honest burgher stood at the door of his many-gabled house, cap in hand, to salute the Royal Lady. Here, in lane and alley, waxed fierce the deadly conflict, when the gallant men of Newport and the stout soldiers of Carisbrooke, met hand to hand their French invaders, and so dreadful was the slaughter and so great the victory, that still they are recorded in the names of the Noddies’ Hill, and the Dead Man’s Lane. Often, too, have the gallant Horsey and the stern Carey, ridden through these streets, followed by their train of cavaliers in ruff and doublet and silken hose, and plumed cap: and the Puritan Hammond, with his buff jerkin and his breast-plate of mail; and the loyal Worsley, with his love-lock curling on his ample brow, and his chivalrous devotion to the Prisoner-King burning, like a steady flame, within his heart, and lighting up his entire life. One may imagine too, with what wistful eyes the royal Charles, “the grey discrowned King,” looked down through his prison-bars upon his once loyal and faithful town.—And as he gazed, little did he think that the venerable Church, whose tower then rose above the ancient houses, would shortly become the final resting-place of his ill-fated Daughter; and, that in the course of a few brief months, at dead of night should wind through the silent streets a melancholy procession, and stealthily entering the fane, deposit in a vault in the chancel, a “strong, leaden coffin ridged in the middle,” which bore the pregnant inscription—

“*Elizabeth, Second Daughter of the late King Charles,  
Deceased, September 8th, 1650.*”

As little could he think, that more than two centuries having elapsed, and the Stuarts become a shadow of the

Past, a Royal Lady who nobly filled the splendid English throne, should—with that homage to misfortune which lends an additional lustre to her Crown—erect, in the precincts of another and a fairer sanctuary, a graceful memorial to the unhappy scion of a fated race.

I.—ITS HISTORY.] Carisbrooke was, in all probability, the capital of the Island in the days of the Romans. We may even ascribe to it a greater antiquity, and say that the early British tribes made it their central fort and chief retreat. But the convenient position of Newport,—its sheltered site on the banks of a river, and at so short a distance from the sea,—must have pointed it out at a very early period as destined to become the metropolis of the Island. And shortly after the Norman Conquest, it rose into repute and importance. Carisbrooke became, as it were, the Citadel. Newport drew into itself all civil immunities and commercial privileges.

In the reign of Henry II. it had obtained such a position that it received a Charter from the Lord of the Island, Richard de Redvers, Count of Devon, which is still preserved in the archives of the borough. Its provisions are simply those which were customary in grants of such a nature.

In 1103, Edward I. summoned a Parliament, and his purchase of the Lordship of the Island from the Countess Isabella, was formally set forth. In this parliament, either the new burgh of Newport, or the Island at large—there is no certain evidence either way—was represented by John de Coskeville, a member of an ancient and respectable island-family.

Writs were again issued in the second year of Edward II. directed specially to the Bailiffs of the Isle of Wight, but no return was made to the Sheriff, and the island was not represented. A similar circumstance occurred two years afterwards.

Meanwhile, the town grew and prospered. Shortly after 1172, a Church had been erected, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, whose canonization had just taken place. Previously, the inhabitants had possessed no place for divine worship nearer than Carisbrook. William de Vernun, (second son of Baldwin, first Count of Devon,) on the erection of the Church, made a covenant with the monks of Carisbrooke, that two of their body should regularly officiate there. Fifty years later, the Town obtained the privilege of a market. Its central position speedily rendered it a formidable rival to the neighbouring market of Carisbrooke, and it is supposed by former historians, that it was in compensation for the injuries thus inflicted, that the Town of Newport agreed to pay annually two marks to the priors of Carisbrooke. In the preceding Charter, this payment is expressly stipulated and confirmed. Hence, we are told, arose the vulgar tradition that Carisbrooke sold its market to Newport.

In the reign of Richard the II. a formidable invasion of the French checked the growth of the borough. The inhabitants betook themselves for protection to the Castle of Carisbrooke, but the garrison, led by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, fell upon the assailants and completely routed them.

The Charter granted by Isabella de Fortibus, was confirmed, and, in some instances, extended by every successive sovereign. Edward IV. granted to the inhabitants, all forfeited estates of outlaws, felons, fugitives, and suicides; Henry VII. and Edward VI. added the petty customs, raised within any creek or harbour of the Island. The Charter of confirmation of Queen Elizabeth, is still extant: its preamble recapitulates the different ratifications the borough Charter had received:—"ELIZABETH, by the Grace of God, Queen of England, France and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith, beheld the Charter of her brother Edward VI. He beheld the Charter of his father Henry VIII. Henry VIII. beheld the Charter of Henry VII. Henry VII. beheld the Charter of Edward IV. Edward IV. beheld the Charter of Richard II. Richard II. beheld the Charter of his Grandfather, Edward III. Edward III. beheld the Charter of the good Lady Isabella de Fortibus, who, in her pure Widowhood, gave, granted, and confirmed the Charter of Medyne, now commonlie called Newport, to the Balives and Combursesyes of the same, as in the said Charter hereafter shall, and may more at large appear."

Among the claims put forth by the Town, was that of fourpence a ton from all Vessels which passed the coast. There does not appear in any grant or charter, any stipulation which gave the Town a right to levy such a toll. A duty is still imposed on all ships anchoring at the mouth of the Medina, which is, perhaps, a vestige of the more ancient imposition.

Newport received its Charter of incorporation in the first year of the reign of James 1st. Its governing body was thus constituted: a mayor and twenty-four burgesses elected annually, a recorder, and a Town-clerk. The mayor was to be sworn into office, before the Captain of the Island or his Steward. The mayor, the recorder (or his deputy), and two burgesses, were empowered to hold a Court for the trial of all causes of debt, trespass, &c., to sit every Friday. They were to have a gaol, with power to imprison those whom they committed for misdemeanours, debts, or felonies.

A report addressed to the Earl of Pembroke, in 1642, by Sir John Dingley, (formerly deputy-governor of the Island) contains a curious passage respecting this newly incorporated town:—"Since the coming of King James," says he, "there is a Town in the Island (called Newport) made a Mare-town, which heretofore was only a Bayly-town, and then the Live-tenants and Justices had the same Power there they had in the rest of the

country; but now they have gotten a Charter to be a Mare-town and have Justices, a Recorder, Aldermen, &c., which the other two Mare-towns have not, as Yarmouth and Newtown, they will not be governed as those two Mare-towns and the rest of the Island are; which is very prejudicial to the Country, and I wish it might be regulated. And in that Town of Newport, the Captaine of the Island is Clerk of the Market, and hath the ordering of the Country; this Town notwithstanding, will take the power to themselves, and hinder men from buying and selling at theyr pleasure; I hope your Lordship will look into it." It may be inferred, that the rapid growth of Newport was not regarded with much favour by the other Towns in the Island.

The Civil War now broke out, and England became divided under two Standards: "under which King, Bezonian? speak or die!" was the watchword of either party. Newport appears to have adopted, with considerable zeal, the parliamentary faction—in this only following the example of most of the commercial Towns, which generally declared against the King. The mayor of Newport, at this period, was Moses Read; a shrewd and restless intriguer, and a most zealous Round-head. The Castle of Carisbrooke had been chosen by the loyal Countess of Pembroke as a place of refuge for herself and her five children, accompanied by her husband's brother and sister. The principles of its Captain, Col. Brett, were known to be inimical to those of the parliament. Busy Moses Read, therefore, represented to that despotic authority that it was dangerous to the peace of the Town, that such factious individuals should be harboured in its immediate neighbourhood. He obtained the instant support of the Parliament, and four hundred men were despatched to his assistance. With these, and the train-bands of the Town, he besieged the fortress. One Harby, described as a Curate, especially distinguished himself on this occasion, stimulating the soldiers by fanatical exhortations, and declaring with mighty vehemence, they were fighting the battle of the Lord. The Castle surrendered, under circumstances that will be more fittingly narrated in another part of our history.

In 1648, Newport acquired its chief historical celebrity. It became the theatre of the struggle between the King and the Parliament. When the latter body, or rather a faction of it, agreed to negotiate a personal treaty with their outraged monarch, Newport was selected as the head quarters of the negotiation.

Thither repaired the friends and servants of the Sovereign. "All hastened and took their places in the small house at Newport, and the delusive scenery of a court on a sudden, seemed to have crowded round the lone man, as in a pleasant dream. But a great and sensible alteration was remarked in his aspect, from what it appeared the year before, when he resided at Hampton



Court ; as, from the moment his servants had been removed, he had laid aside all care of his person, had allowed his hair and beard to grow, and to hang dishevelled and neglected—his hair was become almost entirely grey, either from the decline of years, or from that load of sorrows under which he laboured ; and which though borne with constancy, preyed inwardly on his sensible and tender mind.”

The King and his little Court occupied the house of Mr. Hopkins, the Free Grammar School ; the Parliamentary Commissioners, the Bull (now the Bugle) Inn ; while the Town Hall was prepared for the meetings of the negotiators.

On Monday, October 2nd, 1648, the negotiations commenced. The Sovereign occupied a chair of state, under a canopy : on either side of a long table were arranged the commissioners ; behind the King stood his attendants,—Sir P. Warwick, Sir Edward Walker, and others.—The proceedings lasted sixty-one days.

Years passed away : the splendid despotism of Cromwell arose ; flourished ; and, with its great author, died : and, in 1660, the Stuart again sat upon the English throne. In the 13th year of King Charles's reign, a charter was granted to Newport, bestowing upon it additional privileges and authorizing various changes in the corporation, which was henceforth to consist of a mayor, elected from among the aldermen ; twelve aldermen, to be chosen by the mayor and aldermen, out of the chief burgesses, when any vacancy should occur. The mayor was to be sworn into office before the Governor of the Island, or his steward. The mayor, aldermen, and burgesses were exempted from serving on juries either at the assizes or general quarter sessions of the county.

In the 27th year of Elizabeth, the borough returned two members to Parliament, and was represented regularly in every succeeding Parliament. There is an entry in the records of the town, a receipt from the sheriff to the bailiff and the burgesses of Newport, dated Oct., 1584, which is curiously worth transcription, as illustrating the influence of the Crown at that period :—

“Memorandum, That at the special Instance and Procurement of Sir George Carey, Knt., Marshall of her Majesties most Honourable Household, and Captain of the Wight, two Burgesses were admitted into the High Court of Parliament, holden at Westminster, the 23rd Day of November, in the 27th Year of the Reign of our most gracious and souveraigne Lady Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., for our Town of Newport ; that is to say, Sir Arthur Boucher, Knt. and Edmund Carey, Esq., whereas there were never Burgesses admitted in any Court of Parliament before that Time, during the Memory of Man

for the said Towns, and for a Memorial that we the said Bailiff and Burgesses of the same, doe account ourselves greatly bounden to Sir George Carey, have, with our Assent and Consent, given full Power and Authority unto the said Sir George Carey, whose Life God long preserve."

The corporation, now, in pursuance of the provisions of the Municipal Act, consists of a mayor, six aldermen, and eighteen councillors: the borough is divided into two wards. Before the passing of the Reform Act, the elective franchise—as already indicated—was exercised only by the corporation: but, by that act, "the borough consists not merely of the town and parish of Newport, but also of portions of the parishes of Carisbrooke, Northwood, and Whippingham, and parts of East and West Cowes."

## SECTION 2.

### CARISBROOKE: ITS VILLAGE, CHURCH & CASTLE.

Again, O reader, let us betake ourselves to rural sights and sounds. We have been "long in city pent:" let us seek...

"tum violaria, et  
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium;"..

let us haste to the violet-banks, the shade of the myrtles, and the prodigal odours of a thousand flowers. About a mile from Newport, stands a famous village: a pleasant, leafy village, seated on a rising hill, with a gray, old church-tower on its northern side; on its south, the ivied ruins of an ancient fortress. Who has not heard of Carisbrooke?... Carisbrooke: where Isabella de Fortibus held her revels, where the Martyr-king brooded over a shattered crown. Carisbrooke: on whose heights the Celt lit up his watch fire—where Saxon, Dane and Norman in turn kept up their royalty—where the bright casques of the Parliamentary soldiers gleamed round the prison-walls of a King—where now the ivy climbs over turret and buttress, and the fresh grass blooms in the foot-prints of knights and ladies.

Asan leapt highway, picturesquely over-topped by many a venerable elm, conducts you from Newport in a north-

western direction. Once it was the favorite promenade of the loyal Citizens of that ancient burgh; and in the quiet twilight, they loved to gather in friendly circles upon "the Mall,"\* as then they named it, or to saunter jauntily away to Carisbrooke. On your right opens a wide burst of meadow land, skirted in the distance by the firs of Parkhurst Forest; away to the left, towers the ruined Castle on its grassy mound—the Church, and the Village of Carisbrooke, rise picturesquely before you. Historical memories throng around you at every step. Opposite the horse-road to the Castle, you will note a narrow lane: there was a time, when children shrank from entering it even in the open daylight; when stout-hearted men, if they passed its narrow gorge in the darkness, quickened their furtive feet, and signed the cross upon their heated brows. It is the *Deadman's Lane*: its eastern extremity adjoins that part of Newport known as *Node* or *Noddies' Hill*: and these appellations preserve the memory of the fearful slaughter which befell the French invaders, in 1377, when Sir Hugh Tyrill, Captain of the Castle, and his "men of mettle," encountered them in the defile, and utterly routed them. Pursue your onward journey, and you will find the road divide at an angle—the left hand path conducts you to the Castle, the right leads you to the village. A rippling brook here winds into the highway. It has welled out freshly in the leafy hollows of Gatcombe, and eddying, and leaping, and broadening ever and anon into dimpled pools, has swept onward into the antique presence of the hoary Castle, skirted its precipitous mound, and now runs rippling far away into the busy streets, to turn many a restless mill, ere it swells with pleasant tribute the waters of the Medina. In the old time, when the Eagle of Rome, waved from the keep of yonder Castle,—I doubt not but that its channel was broader and deeper, and that upon its bosom, the Roman

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\*Tomkins describes it as "about two hundred yards in length, and eight yards wide."

Galleys often reposed. Nay, at a period even more remote, the *coracles* of the Jutes floated down its waves, which, then,—it may be—covered the wide hollow between the Village and the Stronghold.

### THE VILLAGE OF CARISBROOKE.

At the time of the Domesday survey, Carisbrooke was the largest parish in the Island, stretching from Cowes to Chale Bay, an extent of more than twelve miles. The manor of Boucombe was, also, the most considerable manor; it originally belonged to Edward the Confessor,—after the Conquest, with other crown-lands, passed into the possession of William Fitz Osborne,—again returned to the Crown by the forfeiture of his son, Earl Roger de Breteuil, for treason. As the entry in Domesday Book shows,—the Church was called the Church of the Manor, and twenty borderers' cottages nestled round it. Of the Lordship of the Island this manor remained an appanage, until James I., in 1625, bestowed it upon his graceless "Steenie's" brother, Christopher Villiers, Earl of Anglesea, charging it with a fee-farm rent of £80 5s. 8½d. In 1652, it was purchased of the Earl by Sir Harry Knowles, or Knolles, of Grove Place, Hants. His son was compelled to dispose of it to W. Stevens, L.L.D., much under its value. The crafty Doctor pretended he was one of the Commissioners of Sequestration,\* appointed by Cromwell, and threatened—if his offer were not accepted—to de-

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\* The sequestration of the estates of the Royalists was a measure adopted by the Parliament at an early period of the Civil War. In Sept., 1644, was first tried the experiment of "offering to delinquents the restoration of their sequestered estates, on the payment of a certain fine." (Lingard. x. 420.) After the war, these compositions were generally made by the Royalists. Cromwell, therefore, did not,—as is often stated,—originate this scheme: he simply preserved it, as a good financial resource. See also, Hallam, vol. ii. c. x; and Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 286.

nounce the unfortunate landowner to the Protector as a Royalist—when, of course, his estates would be forfeited, and Dr. Stevens could buy them in at even a lower price than he himself had named. After the Restoration (Worsley is my authority for the tale,) Stevens was commanded to pay Mr. Knowles an extra sum of £2,000; and did so with such promptitude, that he received from the King the honour of knighthood as a mark of his satisfaction. A grandson of Sir W. Stevens disposed of the estates to John Blachford, Esq., in 1728.

My account of Carisbrooke Castle would be incomplete without some illustration of its present topographical features.

Between two hoary bastions and through a small stone gateway, you enter upon this “hallowed ground.” On the arch there is a shield inscribed with the initial letters E.R. and the figures 40—the 40th year of Queen Elizabeth’s reign. You may see the same date (M.D.XCVIII.) on a small projecting stone on the north-east corner. The letters and the date will inform you that you are gazing upon an architectural memorial of the times of the great Elizabeth.

This gate leads you to a noble *Portal* of greater antiquity,—venerable, massive, and grand: it is machicolated, and has on either side a large round tower, apparently of considerable strength. The arms of Lord Scales (Antony Woodville) adorn a stone near the summit, and the Roses of York are on each side. You have again an historical fact. These towers, this noble gateway, were erected during Lord Woodville’s government. You will note, with curious eye, the ancient gate—made of strong lattice-work, fastened with large nails at every crossing.

Entering the castle-yard, you see—on your right—the ruins of the *Chapel of St. Nicholas*, erected on the site of an oratory, built and endowed by William Fitz-Osbert. There was an armoury over it of yore; but when chain mail, and helmets, and shields, and the

panoply of chivalrous warfare were no longer in fashion, it was looked upon as a nuisance, dismantled, and its contents sold off by Lord Cadogan, who ruled the Island in the Second George's days.

#### GEORGE II., 1738,

is the inscription on the gate; and a stone tablet at the east end illustrates its meaning by informing you that the chapel was rebuilt during the sway of Lord Lymington. At present, it is used but once a year when the Mayor of Newport and the High Constables are sworn into office. The cemetery *was* at the back of the chapel, but its place is now occupied by a kitchen-garden.

Farther to the left are some ruinous apartments, which, nevertheless, when you learn their history, excite your eager attention. They are said to have formed the *prison of King Charles*, and yonder is the window through which he sought to make his escape. There, too, is the chamber where the Princess Elizabeth "took leave of the world." Year after year, the reverent pilgrim comes from the distant hills of Northumberland, from the valleys of Devon, from the meadows of Kent, to gaze upon these ivied ruins; such power have Genius and Misfortune to hallow the hoary stones, and shed a deathless glory on mouldering buttress and decayed tower! Oh far, far from us, gentle reader, "be the frigid philosophy that would conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue!"

The *Governor's House*, an Elizabethan structure, and the *Barracks* now attract our observation. There are some handsome apartments in the former, with lofty coved ceilings, which once echoed with the laughter of nobles and peerless dames. The Duke of Bolton,—Lord Lymington,—Lord Cadogan,—Hans Stanley, and their satellites have here maintained a mimic royalty. But that was an age of periwigs, and hoops, and knee-buckles—an age of frivolous vice and ambitious



mediocrity—with which we have no sympathy. It was sadly deficient in noble deeds and noble thoughts; and left no glorious memories associated with the Castle of Carisbrooke.

The *Keep* or *Donjon* is the most ancient part of the fortress. It is situated at the north-east corner. You ascend to it a steep flight of seventy-two steps (each nine inches high), well worn with the tread of frequent feet. Some of its many angles have been strengthened, possibly in the reign of Edward IV., by the insertion of hewn stone. At the top of the steps is an arched doorway, which once—it is probable—was defended by a portcullis—the grooves are still discernible. Within, there is another flight of steps—twelve only—which conducts us to the irregular polygon, sixty feet broad, formed by the massive walls of this old Saxon tower. From the battlements you behold a glorious picture, touched by a hand Divine. Carisbrooke, and the eight-pinnacled tower of its gray church, rise before us, as we look beyond the low-lying valley. Glimpses of its pellucid stream, on which once floated the coracles of the Britons and the Roman gallies, sparkle through leafy openings in the landscape. Away to the north, spreads the smoke-cloud, hovering over Newport: the red-buildings of Parkhurst meet your eye; and the Medina rolls amply onward to the sea, its broad waters—where they flow between “the two great Cowes”—crested by a thousand masts. Over the Solent Sea, you note the long blue line of the hills of Hampshire,—its churches, villages, and smiling plains.

On the east, uprises St. George's Down, and beyond it, away to the south-east, frowns the monumental height of Appuldercombe, crowned by an obelisk, raised to the memory of Sir Robert Worsley, one of “the good knights and true” of the Olden Time. On a steep knoll, rising above a mass of foliage, stands Godshill Church.

Eastward, the magnificent panorama is bounded by

Gatcombe Down, and a varying sweep of vale, lea, and hill, dotted with ancient hamlets, and chequered by long lines of road, stretches beneath "the castled steep" of Carisbrooke.

The *donjon-well*, ascribed to Roman handiwork, and said to be three hundred feet in depth, has been long filled up. *Mountjoy Tower*, supposed to perpetuate the name of a Governor of Tournay, in Henry VIII.'s time, uplifts its massive but ruined crest at the south-eastern angle of the keep. Its walls, in some places, are of the thickness of eighteen feet. The ramparts which connect it with the sister-tower are twenty feet high, and about eight feet thick,—including a parapet of two feet and a half in thickness, which surrounds the entire castle.

The *Garrison well* next calls for our observation, and the cicerone who conducts the attentive tourist glibly tells him, how its supply of water is inexhaustible, and its quality so pure that it retains its purity even if borne to India and back: how that its depth is so great—310 feet, it is said—that a nail thrown into it occupies three seconds in its descent; how that the water is raised by a large windlass-wheel, industriously managed by a reflective donkey; how the donkey's predecessors have attained to a remarkable longevity, one having held the office 45 years,—he died, (peace to his manes!) in 1771,—and another, 40; and numerous other particulars which need not here be recorded.

At the conclusion of the war against Napoleon, the Castle-garrison consisted of a governor and his lieutenant, a captain, a master-gunner, and three assistants. As their numbers were formidable, so their duties were not onerous, but the governor was highly rewarded with £1200 per annum; his "ancient" and deputy, with £1 a day! In Queen Elizabeth's time the establishment was equal in number, and its duties had something of a stern reality about them, but its yearly charges only amounted to £68 19s. 2d.; being the cost of one armorer, at 8d. daily, and another at 6d.; an arquebus

maker at 8d., and a bowyer, a flechier or fletcher, a carpenter, and a wheel-wright, at 6d. a day each of them.

### CARISBROOKE CHURCH.

This fine old church,—the glory of the Island as far as Ecclesiastical Architecture is concerned,—boasts a very venerable antiquity. It stands on the site of the original Saxon edifice, and, in all probability was built shortly after the subjection of the Island to William Fitz-Osbert.

The most remarkable feature of the present structure is the noble, massive tower, embattled with an octagonal turret, that offers so striking a landmark to the traveller, and stands so boldly on the crest of the hill, facing the setting sun. The church consists of a nave, a south aisle, (separated from the body by Norman arches,) and a porch. The Norman chancel has disappeared. . . removed in the reign of Elizabeth, when at the suggestion of her wily secretary, Walsingham, the parishioners pulled it down, and received in compensation a hundred marks.\* The impost of the chancel arch is its only relic. Mr. Davis, a well-known ecclesiastical antiquarian, has conjectured "that a tower of early English character originally formed one bay of the south aisle, of which the arch, peculiarly abutting against one of the Norman columns of the nave and the present entrance from the porch, formed two of its sides. "In the north wall," he adds, "an early English doorway, now walled up, clearly proves that no north aisle has ever existed, although segmental arches of similar character, more eastward in the same wall (one of which forms the canopy of a font) prove that there has been a northern chapel or transept."

## SECTION 3.

## PARKHURST.

There is a pleasant walk by the side of the Medina from Newport to Dodner, a distance of two miles. You obtain many beautiful and picturesque breaks of scenery; the mast-thronged harbour of Cowes; the park-like terraces in the vicinity of Osborne; Newport tranquilly sleeping, as it were, in the valley you have quitted; and occasional glimpses of the green firs of Parkhurst. Returning by the road, you pass—about a mile from Newport—the large and busy settlements of Parkhurst.

I.—THE ALBANY BARRACKS.] They occupy a piece of ground 1211 feet by 700, and contain five officers' houses, eight large and twelve small barracks, with numerous outhouses; a good house for the Commandant, and another for the Chief Accountant. On the south side of the parade stands the Chapel, and there are several other useful buildings adjacent. Three wells about 285 feet deep, worked by engine pumps, supply the Barracks with excellent water.

They were commenced in September 1798, and completed in March 1799. Originally, they were known as the Parkhurst Barracks, from the locality in which they were erected. Afterwards, they received the appellation of Albany in compliment to the Duke of York and Albany, so long, and with such divided opinions as to his capacity, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

During the War of the French Revolution, a considerable force was stationed in these quarters. An old magazine, entitled the Isle of Wight Magazine for 1799, which does not give one—from its total absence of literary excellence—any very high opinion of the culti-

vated taste of one's ancestors, contains two or three interesting passages in illustration of this remark.—“*Newport, Isle of Wight, July 20.* On Monday, the troops in barracks on Parkhurst Forest, consisting of the 79th and 85th of regiments of foot, North Hants and Isle of Wight Militia, together with the Flintshire Militia, of the Medina Mill Barracks, were drawn up in Parkhurst Forest, by Major-General Don, and fired *feu de joies* in honour of the glorious victory obtained by Marshall Suwarrow, after which the Militia Regiments were informed of Government's proposal respecting an enrolment of part in Regular Regiments, with the inducement of a bounty of 10 guineas per man; and such is the spirit of the men, that more than the specified number volunteered for the service, and the officers are thus enabled to choose their men.”—“On Tuesday, June 4, a very splendid review of all the forces, both regular, militia and volunteers to the amount of 7,500 men took place in Parkhurst Forest in the honour of the day. A variety of military manœuvres were performed under the direction of general Don.”—“On Sunday, the 17th March, the extensive Barracks in the Forest began to be inhabited by the Lancashire Volunteers, who are upwards of eleven hundred strong. On the 28th the Isle of Wight Militia (then, nearly 3000 strong,) also marched into the same; and on Monday next, April 1st., the Second Battalion of Surrey Militia are to march to the said barracks.”

To the north of the barracks stands the Hospital, which contains four large and sixteen small wards. The surgeon's house stands in the centre; the store-houses occupy the rear. The burial ground is situated on the Cowes road . . . the total enclosure covers more than a hundred acres, surrounded with a flourishing plantation; and the entire arrangements are admirably adapted to promote the health and comfort of the troops.

II.—THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.] It was resolved in the year 1770, at a general meeting of the Island-gentry that great advantages would rise from a consolidation

of the several rates paid by the various parishes for the support of the poor. And it was agreed that powers should be obtained from Parliament to enable them to erect, at the cost of the whole island, "such house or houses of industry as might be deemed necessary for the maintenance and employment of the poor in general."

An Act of Parliament was accordingly obtained, whose preamble clearly indicated the benefits derivable from such an institution . . . "the providing a place for the general reception of the poor, would tend," it observed, "to the more effectual relief of such as by age, infirmities, or diseases, were rendered incapable of supporting themselves by their labours; to the better employment of the able and industrious; to the correction and punishment of the profligate and idle; and to the education of the children in religion and industry; and thereby making the poor, instead of being totally supported by the public, contribute to the support assistance, and relief of each other; and be of some advantage to the community, to which they had before been only a heavy and grievous burthen."

A grant was obtained from the crown of "such part or portion of Parkhurst Forest as shall not exceed eighty acres," and a corporation was created, styled "The Guardians of the Poor within the Isle of Wight." To this newly-created corporation the land was leased for 993 years, at a reserved annual rent of £8 17s. 9d.

III.—PARKHURST PRISON.—Parkhurst Prison, a Penitentiary for Juvenile Offenders, is nearly adjoining the Barracks. The number of children disciplined in this excellent institution yearly averages three hundred, who are instructed in various trades or trained as agricultural labourers, receiving, at the same time, a sound education, and careful religious culture. "The results of the first few years were deemed so satisfactory, as to lead to the erection of another building on the side of the adjacent hill."

IV.—PARKHURST FOREST.] Anciently, this forest was known by the name of "the Park." It was the creation



of the chase-loving Conqueror, and is mentioned in his Domesday Roll as "the Park of the King." A portion of the land formerly belonged to Watchingwood, which as it lost in extent accordingly was relieved in taxation. It obtained the appellation of "Forest" at a later period (*temp.* Edw. III). Isabella de Fortibus claimed a free chase in it; a privilege granted in the second year of Edward II., to his favourite, Piers Gaveston, in a grant where it is spoken of as "the free chase of the said Piers at Parkhurst in the Isle of Wight."

The office of Keeper of the Forest was sometimes held by the Constable of Carisbrooke Castle, as appears from a grant of Henry VI. to Henry Trenchard, who was rewarded with a salary of £10 per annum. In the 23rd Henry VII., mention is made of salaries paid to a Ranger, and to two under-rangers or under-keepers. That it was carefully watched over as a royal pleasure is evident from various significant circumstances. But that its officers were sometimes negligent of their duties, and that there were not wanting "outlaws bold" who loved "a good fat buck" as well as their betters, may be inferred from a Warrant addressed by the Duke of Suffolk, in the reign of Henry VIII., to "the Warden of Caresbrook Forest." It is dated 11th Dec. 36 Henry VIII. (1546).

#### NEWPORT TO SHORWELL AND GATCOMBE.

Keats should have seen the Isle of Wight! Its "sweet interchange of hill and valley" would have vividly inspired his impressionable imagination, and its sensuous beauty would have kindled into flame his rich and "antique song." How his glowing fancy would have delighted in the "things of beauty" thronging every "angle of the isle!" How he would have luxuriated, in each "bower's quiet shade," and dreamed a thousand noble dreams in each

"Deep hollow, from whose brows  
Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart."

Keats should have seen, and painted, the Garden Isle!

There is a delightful walk, which I am sure he would have loved, from ancient Newport to the quiet hamlet of Shorwell. The road, I mean, winds up the hill to Carisbrooke Church, and then turns off abruptly to the left, passing the Vicarage of Carisbrooke, and opening such splendid views of the storied towers of the Norman Fortress as I,—in all sincerity I say it,—am most unequal to describe. You ascend many a hill, and wind through many a dale,—lofty downs overhanging your path on either side; fine, ancient-looking farm-houses, chiefly built of stone, and mossed and ivied all over, up to the roof, peering out upon you from unsuspected nooks; and, at last, you reach the rare old mansion of *Northcourt*, with “its square projecting window, and casements pendant on their stone mullions,” its fine leafy groves, and bold screen of hills, and terrace rising upon terrace in all their luxuriant verdure. Just before you enter Shorwell,—to my mind one of the most picturesque of the island-hamlets,—the road is spanned by a rustic bridge, and on each side is such a leafiness, and such an abundance of wild flowers, and such deep shadows from pendent boughs, that it is not only a thing to see, but to think of—“a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

The Parish of Shorwell contains three manors,—North Shorwell, South Shorwell and Woolverton.

The Church is one of the most interesting in the Island. It consists of a nave, side-aisles, tower and porch; the chancel is formed from the last bay of the nave and aisles, separated or distinguished by an ascent of two steps. It is built in the Perpendicular style, “with the exception of the Decorated base of the tower, which is crowned by a low stone spire, divided into two stages by a small band.”

The interior was restored in excellent taste, by the late vicar—the Rev. E. Robertson—and is noticeable for its pews of antique design, of varnished elm-wood: its mosaic pavement; and stained glass windows. The

Communion Table is of oak, very beautifully carved in rich patterns of foliage. On a central compartment is cut 1661. The painted windows over the chancel represent, in the centre panes, Christ and Peter when the Saviour enjoined his disciple to "feed his sheep;" and Peter walking on the waters, and uttering the cry of Faith—"Lord, save me!" The side compartments are filled with the figures of the Four Evangelists.—These excellent specimens of modern stained windows were the donation of some female members of the family of the late vicar, (1847) and were executed by Powell, of London.

The stone pulpit is curiously arranged. It is entered by a flight of steps, through an arch fashioned in a massive pier, in the centre of the north aisle. It still retains the iron frame, in which the preacher of old placed the hour-glass, by which he regulated the length of his services.

A singular fresco, or rather what remains of it, (discovered in 1847, during the restoration of the Church,) covers a space, eleven feet in width and six-and-a-half in height over the south door of the chancel. It is the Legend of St. Christopher, pictorially told. As the tale is not without a moral, and is, moreover, curiously illustrative of the strange freaks of monkish fancy, I will relate it for the amusement of the Reader:—

### The Legend of St. Christopher.

Once upon a time, there lived far, far away in the dim and mysterious land appropriated to griffins, dragons, gnomes and unearthly beings, a stalwart giant of the race of the Canances . . a noble lineage, doubtless, if one knew its history . . whose visage was exceedingly truculent, and his stature decidedly superior to that of common men, as he measured twelve cubits, we are told, from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head.

This mighty personage could not deign to live in the service or companionship of ordinary humanity; so "it came into his mind that he would seeke the greatest

prince that was in the world, and hym would be serve and obey." And accordingly, he started away over plain and desert, through vale and up hill, and reached, at last, the court of a splendid potentate—whose name, alas! I know not—but who was assuredly Lord of the World, and for aught I can tell, Brother of the Sun, as the giant resolved to minister unto him, and loyally obey and serve him. Long he figured in the train of this glorious monarch, and won exceeding repute as a well behaved giant of courtly manners; but alas, it happened one day—marked black ever afterwards in the royal calendar—that the minstrel who smote the chords of his golden harp for the king's delectation, in his Homeric song named the accursed name of the *Guil One*, and thereupon the pious sovereign "made anon the sign of the Crosse in his vysage." The curious giant straightway asked the meaning of gesture so mysterious, and when told that the holy sign protected him who employed it from "*the devyll*," he shrewdly guessed that the Fiend must be more powerful than the King. So he said to his royal master, "I commend thee to God, for I wyl go seeke hym for to be my lord, and I his servaunte."

He took his staff in his hand . . it was a good-sized wand, I can tell you . . and once more commenced his journeying. And lo, in his passage across the desert, he chances upon a goodly company of knights, and one of them, "a knyghte cruelle and terryble," addresses him, and introduces himself as the "*the mighty one*" whom the giant seeks. Thereupon, the future Saint journeys steadily in the knightly train, until they come near to a blessed *Crosse* which stands by the wayside, when they turn away in sore distress, and by a circuitous route regain the direct road. "Wherefore this sudden fear?" enquires our hero. They speak to him of the Holy *Christe*. "Then, I have laboured in vaine . . I will serve thee no longer: goo thy waye, for I will goo to hym whom thou fearest." And he continues his solitary journey until he arrives at a calm, still hermitage, all bowered in blossomy beauty, and the good hermit wel-

comes him as one whom he had expected, and teaches him the blessed truths of the pure Religion, and ultimately—to prove his faith—stations him on the bank of a tempestuous river in whose waters many a pilgrim had perished. And the Christian Giant abides there, and bears across the travellers on his ample shoulders safely.

Now one night, as he slept peacefully—peacefully as all men sleep who do the work enjoined upon them—he heard a sweet voice, the voice of a child, which “prayed hym goodly to bere him over y<sup>e</sup> water; and then he lyfted up y<sup>e</sup> childe on his shoulders, and toke his staffe, and entered into y<sup>e</sup> ryver to passe; and y<sup>e</sup> water of the ryver aroos, and sweilyd more and more, and y<sup>e</sup> child was heavie as lead; and alwais as he went ferther, y<sup>e</sup> water encreased, and grewe more, and y<sup>e</sup> chylde more and more wexyd heavie, in so much, that the Giant had grete anguysses, and was aferd to be drowned. And when he had escaped with grete payne, and passed y<sup>e</sup> water, and sette y<sup>e</sup> chylde a-ground, he said: ‘Chylde, thou has put me in grete peryl: thou wayest alle moste as I had alle the world upon me; I myght bere no greater burden.’ And y<sup>e</sup> Chylde answered: ‘Mervayle the nothyng, for thou hast not only borne alle y<sup>e</sup> worlde upon thee, but thou hast borne hym that created and made all y<sup>e</sup> world upon thy shoulders. I am the *Christe*, the Kynge, to whom thou servest in thy werke.’” And he bade him set his staff into the earth anear his house, and lo, it budded forth like a palm tree, bearing “flours, leves, and dates.”

Then did Christopher..the *Christ Bearer*..travel into Lycia, where he showed this “mervayle” unto all men, and brought many within the fold of the Church. But the King, an impious and stone-hearted man, resolved that he should die the death, and, after torturing him sorely, “commanded that he sholde be bound to a stronge stake, and be shoten through wyth arrowes with fortie Knyghtes archers; but of the Knyghts none myght at-

ayne him. For the arrowes hunge in the ayer nygh to him without touchyng. Thenne the Kynge wende he had been through shotten wyth the arrowes of the Knyghtes, and addressed hym for to go to him, and one of the arrowes retorned sodenly fro' the ayer, and smote hym in the eye, and blinded hym." Then, the *Saint* shows him how he may recover his vision by mingling his blood with clay, and therewith anointing his eye. But ere he adopts this marvellous cure he has the *Saint* beheaded, who dies nobly, blessing God. And the King recovers his sight exceedingly well, so vindicating the truthfulness of *Christopher the Martyr*.

#### GATCOMBE.

The road at Shorwell branches off to the right across the brook I have spoken of, to Brighstone and the sea coast; to the left, it leads to Kingston and Chale. Another road separates from the latter, at a little distance from the village, and conducts you to Gatcombe, skirting the base of Chillerton Down, and passing through all that charmed change of hill, dale, meadow, and glen, which renders the island-scenery so full of vivid interest. Gatcombe Park is pleasantly situated, but its square mansion presents little to please the cultivated taste, and it is only its picturesque position that redeems it from absolute ugliness. This, Wyndham well describes:—"The tower of the adjoining church, just showing its top and pinnacles, from above the grove in which it is embosomed. . . the high knolls of timber, that back and flank the building, and a range of coppice, that covers the steep precipice of a lofty hill on the south side, sufficiently mark out the beautiful situation of Gatcombe." The Medina, here a shallow brook, flows through the Park.

The Church is bosomed amid lofty pines, which almost overtop its square pinnacled tower. It consists of a chancel and body, separated by a Gothic arch, and its tower contains three bells. The north wall of the chancel has a semi-circular recess, where lies a curious



oaken figure, life size, of a knight, attired in a coat of chain mail, recumbent, lying on his right side, with his feet supported on a somewhat curious and rudely sculptured animal. At his head is placed a cherub, with wings out-stretched. The villagers were wont to call it "St. Radigund," the Patron-Saint of the Church, but it is now considered to represent one of the De Lisles.

The population of Gatcombe, in 1851, was 260. A school was founded here in 1702, for the education of 24 children, supported by a rent charge of £8.

### KINGSTON.

Before proceeding to Gatcombe, the tourist might—if his arrangements permitted—proceed from Shorwell to Kingston, which, therefore, may be fittingly described in the present section. The road from Shorwell to Kingston is by no means inattractive. It opens some very fine vistas of St. Catherine's Down, the square tower of Chale, and the undulating scenery of Godshill. You cross a small common, called Buck Heath, and observe Kingston Church to your right, standing on a gentle elevation, and sequestered amid old, ancestral elms.

The Church consists of a square tower, a body and chancel. On the south wall is a brass, formerly inserted in a stone slab, bearing the effigies of a knight and four children, his shield, and the following inscription:—

Mr. Richard Mewys whych deceased the iiii day of March  
in the yere of yr. Lord God mcccc and xxx.

The Church was probably built by one of the family of De Kingston, who always enjoyed the presentation to it. One bowman was its quota to the militia of the Island. It is a rectory in the gift of the lords of Gatcombe and Kingston, and it is now presented to by the family of the Wards. In Card. Beaufort's Valuation it is called a Chapel, and is exempt from taxation.

Kingston is the smallest parish in the Island; has an acreage of 833; and a population in 1851, of 65. In 1841, its population was 73; in 1831, 83. The living is valued at £204 per annum.

#### GALLIBURY AND ROWBOROUGH.

On the road from Newport to Shorwell, opposite Rowborough Farm, and about four miles from Newport, a lane branches off, which leads the traveller to a secluded valley, called Rowborough Bottom. Here he will observe the pits and their defences, which with such good reason, are considered to evidence the existence in this locality of an extensive British Settlement. Its excellent position, embracing such defensive advantages in case of attack, and so liberal a supply of excellent water, cannot but impress us with a high opinion of the courage and capacity of the Celtic race.\*

#### SECTION 5. .

#### ARRETON, AND ITS CHURCH.

Spacious enclosures and broad meadows surround the scattered farms and cottages of Arreton. Its lofty down shelters it on the north, and near the base stands the fine old Church seated on a pleasant eminence. "A rich and fruitful valley lies immediately beneath, adorned with corn-fields and pastures, through which a small river (the Yar) winds in a variety of directions—a fine range of opposite hills, covered with grazing flocks, terminates with a bold sweep into the ocean, whose blue waves appear at a distance beyond."

On the down are two large Barrows, which have been recently opened, and have yielded many interesting relics. Some pieces of Roman armour were also, some years since, exhumed upon its summit. On St. George's Down, adjacent to Arreton, was formerly a bowling-

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\* See part iii., chap. ii., of this Work.

green, whither the Island gentlemen, in the days of the Stuarts, resorted for the pleasure of a "game of bowls." Sir John Oglander has recorded the names of those who frequented it in the reign of James I., when "the Bowling-green on St. George's Down was railed in by the gentlemen of the Island; and also the house there, (1607,) my Lord of Southampton (giving way for to have timber out of Whitefield." He states that he had seen there, at bowls, with the Earl of Southampton, "some thirty or forty knights and gentlemen," and "their meeting was then twice every week."

The parish of Arreton is very extensive; contains 8,833 acres, and had a population, in 1851, of 1,964. It comprises the manors of Briddlesford, East Standen, West Standen, Haseley, Merston, Hale, Bottebridge, Fern Hill.

The interior of the Church is remarkably picturesque. The columned arches of the nave are slender and graceful, and the sweep of the aisles is almost noble. Its windows are of the common design—two lights, surmounted by a circle, entirely unornamented, but on the outside relieved by flanking pillars. Much of the wood work of the pews is of considerable antiquity, and its monuments are amongst the oldest in the Island. In the southern aisle is a monumental brass with the figure of a man, a knight in armour, with folded palms:—his feet once rested on a lion, probably an armorial bearing of the family, which has been removed by force or completely obliterated by time. It bears a quaint inscription:—

"Here is ybyried . under this graue,  
Harry Hawles . his soule God saue,  
Longe tyme Steward . of the yle of Wyght—  
Have mey. on hym . God full of myght."

He was probably a descendant of the De Aula family, lords of the manor of Yaverland. Their name has undergone many modifications from the Hawles and Howles to the Hollis of the Civil War, and the Hall of our own more prosaic days.

The living of Arreton is in the patronage of the Fleming family. The tythes have been commuted at £245, and there is a glebe worth £38 per annum. Here are two schools, a boys' and girls' schools, endowed with a rent charge of £36, under the will of J. Mann, Esq.

In the churchyard, on its northern slope, rests the mortal part of Elizabeth Wallbridge,—the dust of her whose simple faith is immortalized by the eloquence of Legh Richmond

in his touching narrative of "The Dairyman's Daughter." I was shown the pew in which she was wont to sit, and casually turning over the leaves of a tattered prayer book, saw with no common emotion this well-known name. The shadows of Oblivion have settled upon the records of many a wealthy lord and gallant knight, but still, bright and enduring lives the glorious repute of Elizabeth Wallbridge. Old Age has pored with failing eyes over the simple record of her goodness; sportive childhood has turned from its noisy mirth to listen in eager stillness to the tale of her modest life, her happy end. Let us believe then, that the memory of a good action never dies; that every utterance of a plain truth is caught up by some attentive ear, and handed down to a later age, blessing and being blest by many. Assuredly, there was something noble in the simple life of this peasant girl. There was something noble in her mental repose, in the sublime tranquillity of her soul. Like a placid lake, her mind reflected heaven. No sordid cares, no burning desires crost the fair mirror of her passionless spirit. And, though in the tumult of the busy world, we affect to despise the unadorned power of an innocent heart—though we speak of Fame as the great greed of aspiring Man; in the repose of a village churchyard, surrounded by daisied graves, our noisy passions are subdued by the *natura loci*—by the influence of the spot; our desires submit to control; our aspirations lose their earthly taint; we long for peace, and sigh in our innermost soul for rest! In the fine language of the poet, we yield ourselves to

"The universal instinct of repose,  
The longing for confirmed tranquillity  
Inward and outward, humble, yet sublime,  
The life where hope and memory are as one.  
Earth quiet and unchanged; the human soul  
Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed  
To meditation, in that quietness."

Such a feeling purifies the soul from its worldly dross. We learn to estimate life at its true value. We form to ourselves heroic models that bear no likeness to the Cæsar or the Napoleon. We believe in the greater heroism of a village-maiden struggling with Disease, yet uncomplaining, bowing to Death without a lamentation or regret. Oh, ancient tower! Oh, simple Church! Not a stone that I now gaze upon may be visible to the eyes of the traveller in some hundred years to come: thy brasses and thy monuments may be swept away; men may worship within thy walls no longer; yet from far and wide shall the pilgrim come in reverent love to see the spot where Elizabeth Wallbridge prayed to God, to trace the faint outline of the grave where sleeps in her last sleep "The Dairyman's Daughter!"

## CHAP. IV.

## COWES AND ITS VICINITY.

## SECTION 1.

## THE TOWN OF WEST COWES.



N a gentle eminence, whose semicircular base slopes gradually to the Medina,—where that river, broadening into the Solent, affords a safe and pleasant anchorage,—on a gentle eminence, well sheltered by green woods, stands the town of West Cowes. Its streets rise one above another, like an amphitheatre: on the crest of the hill, wave the leafy tops of venerable elms; while down upon down rear their undulating heads in the distance even to the lofty promontory, whose white cliffs terminate in the Needles. The approach from the sea is, therefore, exceedingly picturesque. The harbour, thronged with masts, and gay with a thousand flags; the shore, adorned by a noble terrace, by the ancient and sombre Castle, the Yacht Club House, and its semilunar battery, and by the square tower of the old Church; the river stretching away to the southward, seemingly to lose itself amidst the hills; offer a delightful and ever-changing panorama. Cowes is equally fortunate in the views it commands from the shore. You see the long line of the Hampshire coast, the dark shadows of the New Forest, Calshot Castle, and the blue ripples of Southampton water. Inland, it commands a bright landscape of wood, and vale, and plain. Newport lying far away in its busy valley;

Northwood Church just beneath you, surrounded by its trees; Parkhurst waving its green boughs over a fair expanse; and across the swift Medina, the scattered villas of East Cowes, rising one above another on the slope of the hill, whose ridge is adorned with the royal towers of Osborne. Truly, a picturesque maritime town is West Cowes!

The accessibility of Cowes from the sea; its commodious harbour, and its navigable river; must have attracted the observation of mariners at an early period. Yet no distinct mention of it occurs in the annals of the Island until the reign of Henry VIII. Its straggling huts do not appear to have received any definite appellation in our early history. Newport then drew to its quays the vessels of light burden that sailed up the Medina. But as commerce developed, as ships assumed nobler proportions, the advantages of so safe a port as that offered by the sheltered banks of the broad estuary, were gradually recognised. About 1540, Henry VIII. built on the western shore a small fortress. Then, indeed, the hamlet assumed a name, and rejoiced in the appellation of the West Cowes. It soon increased in trade and population. As a favourable landing place, it had the honour of receiving Henry VIII., when he visited Worsley at Appuldercombe. At a later period, James I. and Prince Charles selected it for embarkation and debarkation on their frequent visits to the Island. The Duke of York, afterwards James II., landed here, when he wished to inspect Carisbrooke Castle... Its commerce rapidly increased. In the reigns of the Stuarts, it was much frequented by ships of the Royal Navy. Thus, Sir John Oglander tells us (1620), that "Prizes and men of warr" anchored "at the Cowes, which gave great rates for our commodities and exchanged other good ones with us." In the reign of George III., it was the favourite resort of the Carolina rice ships. "From 30 to 50 of these ships," says Sturch, writing in 1801, "annually arrived at this port, where from thirty-two to thirty-five thousand



barrels of this grain were usually skreened, repacked, and shipped for Holland, Germany, &c." It became famous for its dockyards, where several men-of-war were built. It boasted of its own merchant-men. An old Magazine records some interesting particulars in connection with this statement. They are passages in the great War of the French Revolution, and prove not only that Cowes had its own trading vessels, but that it sometimes lost them. Thus, on the 23rd April, 1799, "the Raven, of Cowes, James Moth, master, was captured by a French privateer within one mile of the shore between Folkestone and Dover. Just at the time the Frenchmen were in the act of boarding her, Moth and his people put off in his boat, and made for the shore, by which means they escaped a prison, and safe arrived at Cowes." The French privateers displayed, occasionally, considerable enterprise. "On Saturday, the 29th (June), late last night, or early this morning, the packet which used to carry the mail from Southampton to Cowes, commanded by Capt. Wassell, was taken from her moorings near Southampton Quay, by some Frenchmen. She was steering eastward under the shore of St. Helen's for France, but being ignorant of the coast, got aground, which being perceived by some seamen from Ryde, one of them *who had lost a vessel by the same means a little time back*, observed that the vessel was aground—his companions thought it a party on pleasure—he observed them sounding, and immediately they put off, took the Frenchmen, left them in the care of Capt. Lock of sea-fencibles (*sic*,) and took the vessel to Cowes, to the great joy of Wassell."

The population of Cowes at this time was 1,661. In 1851, it had increased (including Northwood) to 5,612. An amazing impetus was given to the prosperity of the town by the establishment in 1812, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose noble vessels rendezvous here during the summer-season. The number of merchantmen now frequenting Cowes Harbour is probably nearly 1500 vessels in a year, representing an aggregate of nearly

500,000 tons. The anchorage in Cowes Roads varies from eight to eleven fathoms. Opposite, are the singular sandbank called the Brambles, and a shifting sand known as the Shingles. There belonged to this busy port, in 1846, 117 vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 8,357 tons—124 of these were under 50 tons. Employed in the coast trade were 1368 vessels, of 46,557 tons; from foreign ports 23 vessels of 1628 tons; and to and from the Colonies, 8 vessels of 1282 tons, and 9 vessels of 1411 tons. The total customs amounted to £2348.

## SECTION 2.

### THE TOWN OF EAST COWES,

East Cowes is not without the advantages of a picturesque locality. Like its sister-town, it is built on the slope of a wooded hill. Its base is washed by the waters of the Medina; its northern extremity juts out into the Solent. Pleasant meadows undulate along the shores up to the very environs of Newport; and hills, crested with lofty trees, rise in the horizon, eastward, an eternal barrier.

East Cowes rose into repute at a later date than the sister-port. A battery was erected here by Henry VIII., at the time that he fortified the opposite shore; but it was speedily suffered to decay, and there remains of it but the *nominis umbra*. . . the shadow of a name. Leland alludes to it in his Itinerary:—"Ther be two new Castelles sette up and furnished at the mouth of Newporte; that is the only Haven in Wighte to be spoken of. That that is sette up on the Este syde of the haven, is caullid the Est Cow, and that that is sette up at the West syde is caullid the West Cow, and is the bigger castelle of the 2. The trajectus, betwixt these 2 castelles, is a good myle." In White's Map, published by Speed, about 1610, "West

Cowe Cast," is noted, but there is no indication of East Cowes or its fortalice. The town had a late birth, and a slow growth. Thus, in 1794, I find a tourist uttering a jeremiad on its deficient water-supply. "Bad water even was so scarce, that he not only bought it for every family use, but also for washing the wheels of his carriage, and even paid a weekly acknowledgement for the permission of watering his horses, in what would have been considered, on the opposite coast of Hampshire, as a common horse-pond, for it had no rails to fence it, nor was it in an inclosed field. Sometimes, the poor part of the inhabitants had been known to arrest and empty the water-carts, on their passage to the town, in the same violent and outrageous manner, as if a famine should compel them to plunder either meat or bread, for the immediate satisfaction of their craving necessity."\*

The highways, too, were in a miserable condition. Rain, or snow completely stopped all traffic. Even between Ryde and Cowes, in the winter of 1799, "carriages were forced to be dug out going to Cowes and Ryde, and the roads were impassable for several days." But East Cowes, at length, bloomed out into prosperity. Its population was 300 in 1795; now it is nearly 1500. (In 1851, it was 1440.) Some fine mansions arose in its vicinity; Norris crowned its hill; East Cowes Castle reared in its immediate neighbourhood, its baronial towers. Osborne became a favorite summer-retreat of the Queen, and many improvements were effected in the vicinity that added to the attractions and prosperity of the town. Still, its population now is chiefly a seafaring one, or labourers engaged in the dockyards, foundries, and sail-manufactories that crowd with life and activity the banks of the Medina. There was once a Custom House, but the extended commerce of West Cowes has necessitated its removal thither, and the buildings have been converted into a Coastguard Station.

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\* Wyndham's Picture of the Isle of Wight.

## SECTION 3.

## THE ENVIRONS OF EAST COWES.

## WHIPPINGHAM.

Whippingham is a pleasant village, seated pleasantly on the bank of the Medina. Its Church is of ancient foundation, but in the present structure there are few evidences of antiquity,—so many have been the additions and alterations suggested by the taste of succeeding generations. Though small in size, it contains a chancel, body, transept, tower and spire, and the general character of its architecture is said to be “Early English.” It is a quaint little sanctuary, sequestered amid leafiness, but offering little to attract the attention of the archæologist. Her Majesty and the Royal family attend divine worship within its unpretending walls, during their residence at Osborne. In 1855, the old chancel was taken down, and a new one erected, and two aisles, at the east end, were added at the expense of the Queen for the accommodation of the Court. The living is a rectory in the patronage of the Crown, of the net annual value of £756. East Cowes and Barton Village are ecclesiastical districts of this Parish. The parochial boundaries are, on the north, King’s Quay Creek; on the east, Wootton; on the west, the Medina; on the south, Arreton. These limits include 4390 acres, (assessed at 8166), and a population, in 1851, of 3101. Yet sixty years ago, its population was scarcely 800.

The PALACE, the island-mansion of the Ocean Queen, is a noble erection in the Palladian style of architecture, approached from the lawn by an ascent of several magnificent terraces. The Flag-Tower is 107 feet in height, the Clock-Tower, or Campanile, 90; the first terrace-wall is 17 feet high, and the second 10. The western wing, or pavilion, with its semi-circular projection, contains the Royal Apartments. The Flag-Tower rises in its rear, communicating with an open corridor which runs the whole length of the north-west face of the building. A carriage entrance, on the other side of the tower, opens upon a beautiful

pleasaunce, stored with the rarest ornamental shrubs. In front of the mansion spreads a noble lawn, sloping down to the very margin of the sea, rich in luxuriant verdure. On either side rises an abrupt rocky knoll, crowned with the densest foliage, which stretches away to the very crest of the hill, and through which meander numerous paths, and carriage-roads, commanding the most glorious vistas imaginable—

“A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
And chieffless castles breathing stern farewells  
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.”

The Building was erected by the late celebrated builder, Mr Thomas Cubitt, from the designs of H.R.H. the Prince Albert ; and is in the Italian style, consisting of “a rusticated basement with two stories above.” The Angles have moulded quoins, and the whole is surmounted by a bold cornice, and a balustrated parapet, very carefully wrought. The Royal Apartments are elegantly decorated, and adorned with fine specimens of the Great Masters. On the grand Staircase, there is a fresco, by Dyce, of Neptune surrendering to Britannia the Empire of the Ocean. Gibson, Thorneycroft, Weeks, and Calder Marshall have contributed some exquisite sculptures. The fountains and flower-stands are from the tasteful designs of Grüner.

Many picturesque cottages decorate the grounds. On the Newport Road are the Model Houses for working-men, planned by the Prince, which attracted curious attention in the Great Exhibition of 1851. The lodges at the different entrances to the park are of fanciful design ; and a bold triumphal arch terminates the approach from East Cowes.

A jetty, for the accommodation of the Royal owners, has been constructed in the little cove formed by the bold curve of the sandy shore. In a word, Art and Nature have alike combined to perfect, in all its appointments, the marine retreat of the English Queen. Long may she live to enjoy her “lettered ease” in its green recesses, and snatching ever and anon a brief respite from the cares that wait upon an imperial sceptre, to pleasure her royal mind in the charms of the enchanted ground that encircles the towers of Osborne ! Long may she reign to rule a prosperous nation,—a wise and enlightened people,—a people avoiding war, yet bearing themselves proudly when forced by injustice or aggression into it ; a people cultivating peace, yet not disdaining the noble virtues that often spring from war ; a people tranquil because powerful, and powerful because free !

“Di, probos mores docili juvenæ,  
Di, senectuti placidæ quietem,  
Romulæ genti date remque, prolemque,  
Et decus omne.”

## SECTION 4.

## THE ENVIRONS OF WEST COWES.

Let us cross once more the ample Medina,—there is a ferry between the Sister-Towns,—and, ascending the steep hill that rises to the south of Cowes, pass through the “delectable meadows,” and by the little village of Meham, to the leafy coverts of Northwood, and its ancient Church. There are many exquisite glimpses of scenery opening upon the road as we proceed. Parkhurst spreads before us, . . . and Newport lies away to the south, underneath the stern shadow of the Norman fortress. Behind us, on the ridge of the hill, stands the busy town of West Cowes, and the coast of Hampshire glitters in the distance.

## NORTHWOOD.

The Church is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and consists of north and south aisles, and a body separated from them by four Gothic arches. It was originally a Chapel of Ease to Carisbrooke, and is mentioned as a chapel, “capella,” in the Dean’s return to Bishop Woodlock, in 1305. Its tithes were assigned to the Vicar of the Mother-church, on its foundation; but as the parish was then a wild woodland district, uncultivated and scantily peopled, they were probably of little account. In 1545, (*temp.* Hen. VIII.) its inhabitants were exempted from contributing to the wants of Carisbrooke, and Northwood was endowed with all fitting parochial privileges. But the rectory is still considered an appendage of Carisbrooke, and included in the presentation: the two livings are rated in the King’s books at £23 8s. 1½d.; are of the gross annual value of £1,285; and in the patronage of Queen’s College; Oxford.

The interior of the Church presents no object of in-



terest except a memorial of the Rev. Thomas Smith, who was formerly minister of the parish, and died in 1681. "It is formed," says Tomkins, "of one entire piece of chalk, three feet long and four feet high, curiously carved with a variety of hieroglyphic characters."

#### GURNARD BAY AND RUE STREET.

About a mile to the west of Cowes, curving inland from the headland known as Egypt point, lies Gurnet or Gurnard Bay. Though little spoken of by Guide Book concoctors, it abounds in natural beauties, and offers to the observant eye many peculiarly magnificent vistas. Inland, you see the broad plains and wooded valleys stretching away to the base of the lofty chain of downs that crosses the western division of the isle, and the ample panorama terminates with the heights of Alvington, Bucombe and Mountjoy, and the castle of Carisbrooke. Thick coppices overhang the brow of the rocky shore, and the swift Solent rolls along—as Englefield well expresses it—like "a noble river flowing with a rapid stream." The rich groves of the New Forest cast their heavy shadows upon the opposite coast, and many a sequestered hamlet sparkles through its leafy screen.




## CHAP. V.

## YARMOUTH AND ITS VICINITY.

## SECTION 1.

## THE TOWN OF YARMOUTH.

EN miles from Newport, at the mouth of the River Yar, and nearly opposite to the Lymington river, stands the ancient town of Yarmouth. Though now it wears a very forlorn and decayed appearance, it was once a place of considerable importance, a sea-port of great traffic, and a borough that "ruffled it with the best of them." Eremuth, as it was named in the olden time, possessed, indeed, certain advantages of situation which did not fail to attract the attention of our ancestors. Here, a point of land projects into the sea at a convenient distance from the opposite coast. A commodious harbour is afforded by the sheltered mouth of a navigable river. Broad fertile plains and rich pasturage spread around over many an acre. But in obedience to that mysterious law which dictates the rise of some cities, and the fall of others, Yarmouth, once so prosperous, is now a decayed and dilapidated town.

It is asserted that the Phœnicians who frequented the Isle of Wight were supplied with salt from the salterns of Lymington. Yarmouth, then, in all probability would have become one of their island harbours, and a settlement of the Ancient Britons. But the first authentic notice of it in History occurs in the Lordship of the first Baldwin de Redvers, about 1135, when it had

attained sufficient importance to procure a Charter of franchises from its Lord. This Charter was duly confirmed by successive monarchs:—Edward I., Henry IV., Edward IV., Elizabeth, and James I. The latter monarch, in fact, re-incorporated it, as may be seen from the terms of the Charter, which I append to this section.

When the French invaded the Island in the reign of Richard II., Yarmouth suffered severely (A.D. 1337): it was burnt to the ground, and its church totally destroyed. Still it remained a town of mark, until the 35th year of the reign of Henry VIII., when it again became the victim of their depredations, and a second church was consumed in the flames that devastated Yarmouth. A castle was then erected to provide for its defence; but it never recovered its original consequence.

Cities seldom have a second birth. Newport rose into the position which Yarmouth had formerly held, and the decay of the latter was so rapid that towards the close of the eighteenth century, it contained but eighty inhabitants. One can still trace the indications of its former importance, and there are numerous proofs that its foundations were once of considerable extent.

The Charter granted by James I. formed it into a corporation, by the name of the “Mayor and Burgesses of Yarmouth.” Twelve Burgesses were to form the Common Council of the Borough, and out of these the Mayor was to be elected. Their officers were a Steward, a common Clerk, and a Sergeant at Mace, appointed by and during, the pleasure of the Mayor and Burgesses. The first Mayor was Barnaby Leigh, Esq., the first Steward, Thomas Cheke, Esq.

At a very early period, Yarmouth was represented in Parliament,—the first election of two representatives, having taken place, it is said, in 1304. This election, however, is somewhat apocryphal. At all events, the first definite recognition of Yarmouth as a borough demanding representation in the Commons, took place in the reign of Elizabeth, (1585,) at a period when that

wise sovereign deemed it politic to consult her people on the affairs of her kingdom. That this representation could, by no means, coincide with our modern ideas, may be gathered from the following singular Letter, addressed by Lord Hunsdon, (Lord Chamberlain to Elizabeth, and then Governor of the Island,) to the corporation of Yarmouth. Dated Sept. 20, 1601.

## SECTION 2.

### THORLEY.

In a wooded vale, at a brief distance from Yarmouth, opening upon the placid ripple of the Yar, and facing to the south the precipitous heights of Afton, and the semi-circular downs that skirt the southern coast of the Freshwater peninsula,—in a wooded vale, all tranquil and lonely, stands the quaint and ancient church of Thorley.

The Church of Thorley is dedicated to St. Swithin. It is an old building consisting of a nave and chancel, without a tower, and in appearance scarcely distinguishable from an ancient farmhouse. The belfry has in the sides several curious apertures, formed of stone, but closely resembling timber-work. The vicarage\* is of the annual value of £100.

### NEWTOWN.

An umbrageous lane conducts the tourist from Shalfleet, along the green banks of the wide estuary formed by the union of several rivulets with the waters of the Solent, to the ancient Francheville,—now known as Newtown. Though it possesses no memorial of interest,

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\* A former vicar (*temp.* James I.) was the Rev. William Petty, uncle of the celebrated founder of the Lansdowne family, Sir William Petty. He was employed by Lord Arundel in the collection of those beautiful specimens of Greek Art, known as the Arundel Marbles.

no venerable ruin; though the shadow of decay sadly rests upon it; the tourist will do well to visit it for the sake of the fair and goodly scenery, wherein

“it lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer-sea.”

It is placed between two slow broad streams that widen nobly into an ample bay, northward of the town. “Long fields of barley and of rye clothe the wold” around it, and clusters of venerable elms adorn the leafy lanes. Through the sunny breaks in the copses sparkle the waters of the secure haven, and afar one catches the shadow of the looming shore.

Francheville was undoubtedly a town of great antiquity. Some suppose it to have been the town destroyed by the Danes in 1001, as described in the Saxon chronicle; at all events, it speedily grew into influence after the Norman conquest, and it is probable that its ancient appellation was bestowed upon it as a special distinction,—the Free Town. Aymer, or Ethelmar, Bishop of Winchester, (to which diocese Newtown, and the manor of Swainston, belonged,) conferred a Charter upon the borough in the reign of Henry 3rd, and granted it all such liberties and franchises as were severally and respectively enjoyed by the burgesses of Taunton, Alresford and Farnham—a charter afterwards confirmed by Edward II, again by Edw. IV., and finally by Queen Elizabeth.

The town, at one time, consisted of two long streets, running in the direction of east and west, connected by other streets, extending from north to south. The names of High Street and Gold Street are still preserved in some ancient deeds. The Town Hall, formerly used for elections and corporate meetings, is now—or was recently—used as a Sunday school-room, “whilst its ancient furniture has been sold, and its proceeds applied to the rebuilding of an ancient chapel, which was for a long time in a ruinous condition.” It stands on an eminence overlooking one of the creeks of the harbour.

The regalia of the town are still extant; and in connection with them a curious circumstance occurred, when the members of the British Archæological Association visited New Town, in 1855. They assembled in the Town Hall, and inspected the regalia; there was an exceedingly interesting silver mace, having the seal of Edward IV.; this, during examination, fell out, and exposed to view, on the reverse, the arms of the Commonwealth, which, either from economical considerations, or because there existed a presentiment that the sway of the Commonwealth would not endure—had been engraved upon it. At the Restoration, the seal had been turned back again, and the arms of Edward IV., once more brought into use.

A Church has been recently erected at Newtown, consisting of a nave, north and south porches, and bell-gable at the west end, in the Early English style, from the designs by Mr. A. F. Livesay. The living is annexed to the rectory of Calbourne, whose incumbent formerly paid 20 shillings per annum towards providing the inhabitants of Newtown with a priest. In the

### SECTION 3.

#### FRESHWATER, ALUM BAY, AND THE NEEDLES.

Our last tour, most gentle reader, in the vicinity of Yarmouth, will lead us along the banks of the pleasant Yar, passing on our way the Church of Freshwater, up to the well-head of the crystal stream: ascending, then, the mighty cliffs that guard the southern shore of the Garden Isle,—

“Like the great vision of the guarded mount,”

and pursuing our rocky path where Alum Bay lights up with a thousand radiant hues, and the Needles rise from the ocean-depths, like massive Landmarks placed by an Almighty Hand, we shall once more regain, by a



path that opens fresh scenes of beauty, the ancient and decayed town. In the compass of these few miles lies all that is bright, beautiful and marvellous in Nature: the rocky cliffs, seven hundred feet above the sea, standing on whose cloudy heights one hears from afar the subdued roar of the plangent wave, like the distant murmur of a great city: the wondrous caverns where, all lost in gloom, dash the wild waters when smitten into fury by the storm—sleeps the smiling sea, when “the sweet South” breathes upon it a thousand odours: the broad meadows, studded by picturesque clusters of ancestral elms: the green moorland, topped with golden furze: the village-church, and the ripple of the brook. In this sea-girt nook lies the very marvel of the Divine handiwork. I envy not the man who can gaze upon it without emotion, without a silent sense of unutterable awe, without an intense love of the Beautiful, and a thanksgiving to God for a world so rich in grand and lovely things, which should needs create all grand and lovely thoughts.

### FRESHWATER.

I shall now proceed to a succinct description of the most remarkable points in the wonderful scenery of this Isle, or rather Peninsula, of Freshwater.

### FRESHWATER GATE.

The river Yar rises at Freshwater Gate, and its source is separated from the ocean, only by a narrow, pebbly isthmus, of sixty to seventy yards in width, over which in tempestuous weather the ocean waters sometimes roll, and mingle with the clear ripple of the inland stream. Formerly, it is said, the interval between sea and river was much less; so that the inhabitants of the island proposed in the reign of Edward I., to cut through the isthmus, and thus to form for themselves an almost impregnable retreat, when the island was invaded by hostile bands. In White's Map of the Island, published about 1610,—a Map to which I have frequently referred,—this peninsula is marked “the Isle of Freshwater.”

From Freshwater Gate to Sconce Point, the island is walled up from the ocean by a bulwark of immense cliffs, varying in height from three to seven hundred feet. A mighty barrier,

truly ! but yet, not altogether impregnable against the assaults of the sea. Their glittering sides are strangely branded, as it were, by dark parallel lines of flint, that score the surface of the rock from misty ridge to spray-beaten base. Huge caverns penetrate into their recesses. Isolated rocks frown all apart in gloomy grandeur. Immense chasms yawn in the precipitous cliffs.

Let us, kind Reader, step into the boat which waits us on the pebbly beach. The sea is rippled, but not billowy ; the wind blows fairly from the south. A *Bon Voyage* ever for poets and fair ladies ! In the summer-sunset, how the cliffs sparkle with the rarest rose-hues ! A soft bloom seems to smile upon the rugged chalky barrier, and shines by reflection upon the sea that now murmurs so gently on the shore. So gently now ! but, ah, how the wild waters roar—how they smite the rocky wall, in “pitiless fury”—how they dash their billows up against the ramparts created by the Divine Hand—when the storm-wind is abroad, and rides in his fiery chariot over the ocean. Strange contrast even in thought ! The summer-sea,—Strength in Repose ; the storm-tost waters,—Strength roused into Fury !

THE ARCHED ROCK is the first great natural curiosity that attracts our gaze. It lies to the eastward of the cove from whence we sailed. Originally, it formed a portion of the cliff, but now it is some six hundred feet apart. Long ago, in the dim obscurity of a Past which ended before human annals had a beginning, the ceaseless ocean swept away the softer portion of the rock, and fashioned in all its inimitable beauty this mighty natural wonder—his Triumphant Arch of the Waters, through which ever and anon they roll in grand procession, to the sounds of a martial music. One upon another, lie the masses of chalk which compose it, as regularly as if arranged by the most careful human mechanism. Near it, stands another detached rock, of a conical shape, called the STAG ROCK.

Turning our prow towards the west, we are borne gently onwards “under the shore,” to the remarkable cavern, known as FRESHWATER CAVE. We behold a grand, and, as it were, rough-hewn arch, thirty feet high, and of a similar breadth ; stretching into darkness for one hundred and twenty feet. The tide bears us into the sublime recess.\* Who was the architect

\* At low water, it is accessible to the pedestrian.

that conceived, that shaped this glorious cathedral-aisle ? A cathedral-aisle, which resounds with a mighty pœan of Thanksgiving, as the waters surge against the pillared walls, as the wind swells grandly into the farthest recess ! A cathedral-aisle, where Nature is ever praising God ; where Man must praise Him,—where the heart trembles at the nothingness of the Human, and the omnipotence of the Divine ! The cavern is divided into dim

recesses, by massive pillars that upbear the rocky roof. But even this great arcade undergoes vast and singular changes. The different strata are of varying firmness—some yield more than others to the action of the sea; so that rare and fantastic forms are continually being developed to the admiration of him who gazes upon them.

And now the coast recedes, curves inwardly with an admirable sweep, and forms the fair inlet of WATCOMBE BAY. Abruptly, like a guardian-giant, rises before us, at the farther extremity of the bay, a rude, and fantastically shapen rock. Four cavernous recesses are scooped out of the cliffs. The sea-birds wheel through the air, and rise—as our thoughts rise—to Heaven.

We are sailing now in the shadow of the HIGH DOWN CLIFFS, which, at their loftiest elevation, rear their glittering crests six hundred and seventeen feet above the sea. There are numerous cavities in the face of the rock—from one of which Nature has provided a sweet, translucent spring to flow. Standing up in our boat, we raise a cup to this singular fountain, and filling it, pour out a libation—like the old Greeks—to the God of the Sea.

Ever and anon, we sail up to the very margin of the shore, to gaze on the dim twilight of the caverns that yawn in the rugged cliffs. There are Neptune's Caves,—the larger of which is two hundred feet deep; the smaller, ninety feet; Bar Cave, ninety feet in depth; Frenchman's Hole, also ninety feet; Lord Holmes's Parlour and Kitchen; Roe's Hall, six hundred feet high; and Preston's Bower. Nor do we fail to observe the noble panorama that unfolds itself in our rear—a wide sweep of ocean, and an undulating coast line, terminated boldly to the east, by the rocky point of St. Catherine.

THE MAIN BENCH, an ample stretch of rocky heights, now frowns before us. In loftiness, it nearly equals the High Down Cliffs. Here, in the summer months, when the face of the rock glows with the constant sunlight, hordes of sea-birds\* nestle on the chalky ledges. Their gleaming pinions flash through the twilight, as we sail along; and a hoarse scream rises shrilly upon the wind.

Rounding the rocky point, we glide into SCRATCHELL'S BAY; and landing upon the beach, stand within a vast arched hollow of the cliff, nearly two hundred feet in height. The bay itself is, more properly, a sequestered cove, of which the Needles form the northern point.

And now, there rise before us the three NEEDLE ROCKS†—

\* See Part 4, chap. ii.

† I remember seeing in the Penny Magazine, some years since, a clever derivation of Needles from *Nieder fels*, that is, the nether or under cliff. This derivation would seem to imply that the cliff has here undergone a similar process to that whose astonishing results surprise us on the eastern coast.

huge, mis-shapen masses of glittering chalk, towering amid the blue waters, like the vast square pillars of some unfinished temple. Once, undoubtedly, they formed the original point or headland, but the sea has asserted its power, has isolated them from the mainland, and carved them fantastically into a rugged outline. The spiral rock, one hundred and twenty feet in height, from which they are said to have derived their name, fell—with a mighty roar, and a concussion that flung its echo deep into the heart of the island—fell in 1764, undermined by the insidious waters.

But what is this flashing world that opens upon our gaze? We have gained ALUM BAY at last. Its radiant cliffs are burning with a myriad glorious hues in the last faint beams of the westering sun, and contrasting vividly with the pearly rocks that tower majestically behind us. Purple, yellow, blue, a faint dim grey, a glowing red,—one could almost fancy that yonder wall of cliff was clad with rainbows! It is as if giants had raised here an impenetrable bulwark, and decked it with their waving banners—banners gleaming in the sunlight, with no earthly hues! From tint to tint, from colour to colour, the broad strata vary in marvellous and brilliant change. Poesy could never dream of aught so ideal! Art could never reproduce this rare fancy of nature. As I gaze upon this glowing and many-coloured bay the brave visions of the antique Greeks come back upon my memory, and I dream—though such dreaming be the merest folly—that here, of a truth, the old Sea-God must have maintained his royal state, in this palace, this ocean-palace, whose walls are bright with such transcendant hues! I hear “old Triton blow his many-wreathèd horn!” I see the ocean-daughters float slumbering upon the enchanted waters! Arion once more touches his magic lyre, and the mermaids breathe a deceitful, but a charmed music.

The dream fades away, as over the deep but gleaming tide, the boat moves slowly onward. Yet not the less the memory and the influence of so rare a scene live in our hearts, and cherish tender thoughts. “A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,” and he who even but once has gazed upon the vivid colouring of these wonderful cliffs, has acquired a wealth of fancies and poetic feelings that may haply stand him in good stead in the darkness and the sorrow—if such should be—of his later life. “The whispers at men’s ears it lifts into visible angels. Vials that have lain sealed in the deep sea a thousand years it opens, and brings out of them genii!”

### A WALK UPON THE HIGH DOWNS.

Leaving the Albion Hotel, at Freshwater Gate, a footpath conducts the tourist past the Victoria Fort, recently erected,

and offers him a route unparalleled in the island, for its magnificent panoramic views. It ascends the steep Down by the Beacon, and winds across the topmost ridge, until it reaches the extremest point of the island—a narrow promontory, called the *Needles Point*, where, seven hundred feet above the sea, stands the Light-house, with its ten argand lamps and ten plated reflectors, shedding a strong brilliancy upon the misty night. Oh, there is such a glorious prospect from this bold headland! It is exceedingly narrow, and you can hear on either side the beat of the ocean waters, and a vast sweep of the Channel blends strangely in the distance with the deep-blue sky, and when you turn, lo, beneath you lies the silent peninsula-plain, with its villages, and wooded knolls, and sequestered farm-houses, and sparkling streams. I remember well the morning when first I visited this remarkable spot. It was a February morning—and the sun had scarce risen in the Eastern sky, when I set out upon my ramble. The early rays warmed the pearl-like cliffs into a crimson glow, and touched the crest of every wave with gold. A dark wing, now and then, swooped past me as I ascended, and the sun seemed to recede, and the mists gradually swept up from the waters, gathering around me in thick folds, so that at last I could see nothing but the green sods beneath my feet, and could not tell whether I was proceeding towards the Beacon—or, haply, nearing the perilous brink of the precipice. Slowly and cautiously, I went on my way, and reached at last the Beacon on the High Down, and lo, mists were around me, and above me, and the icy rime was thick on the sparkling grass. I stood a moment in uncertainty, fearing to go forward, disinclined to retrace my steps, when, suddenly, the ardent Sun leapt up—as it were—into the heavens! Instantaneously, the glittering mist rolled off, in cloud upon cloud of wavy glory! Away the vaporous splendour streamed into the distant air, and lo, the mighty cliffs shone out in all their brilliancy, like immense walls of silver, and far as the eye could see, stretched the sunlit waters, rippled by the morning breeze, into undulating light. Seven hundred feet beneath me, and yet their roar throbbed on my ear, like the distant tread of a great army! He who would see Nature in her grandest mood, should stand on the summit of these wonderful cliffs, when first the Sun gathers up the misty shroud from the sleeping world.

I have thus briefly indicated the most remarkable points in the scenery of the Freshwater Peninsula. Its general features are these: from Yarmouth to Freshwater Gate there runs a low, flat valley, watered by the Yar. Up from this valley, on either side, rises

lofty down—Afton Down forming the eastern boundary; High Down, and its continuation, Needles Down, the western. The latter is, in fact, the peninsula. The coast from Freshwater Gate to Yarmouth is fortified by stupendous cliffs, varying from four to seven hundred feet in height, and rich in illustrations of geological phenomena. At Alum Bay, there is a chine which offers a safe descent to the shore. Here, the variegated sands which give so brilliant an appearance to the cliff are shipped, and the alum, which has given its name to the bay; besides which, there may be obtained red and yellow ochre, Fuller's earth, copperas stones, and a fine, white sand. On the north side of the bay, rises Headon Hill, an eminence four hundred feet in height, from which there is a fine view of the Yar valley, the town at the river-mouth, the bays of Totland and Colwell, and the narrow channel which separates the Island from the opposite coast. Hurst Castle, and the peculiar jutting headland of Hurst Point, are also plainly visible.

Before I leave this beautiful peninsula, I must needs inform the tourist that it contains its "hallowed ground,"—hallowed by the residence of England's greatest living Poet, who dwells in the very shadow of that sea whose music swells so grandly in his "immortal verse." At *Faringford House* resides ALFRED TENNYSON. Future Historians of the fair Isle of Wight will, doubtlessly, be proud to enrol his name in the catalogue of Worthies; and, in years to come, admiring men will lead their children by the hand to show them the spot where lived, thought, and wrote the poet of "Locksley Hall," of "the Princess," and of that indignant denunciation of the littlenesses of an age, "Maud." Aye, to all time, will the Isle be proud of Alfred Tennyson, and pilgrims speed to Faringford as to a holy shrine!

It is a modest little structure, pleasantly situated in the shadow of trees, and commanding varied views of the Beautiful.




## CHAP. VI.

## VENTNOR AND ITS VICINITY.

## SECTION 1.

## THE TOWN OF VENTNOR.

HE Undercliff begins near Luccombe Cove, and terminates—or, at least, its more striking features terminate—at Blackgang Chine. It consists of a series of terraces, formed by masses of chalk, sandstone, and rock, which have been hurled headlong from the cliffs, above, and deposited upon a stratum of blue marl. These cliffs form a lofty wall, extending some six or seven miles, and sheltering the plateau beneath from northerly and westerly winds. Generally, this wall attains an elevation of four hundred feet; at St. Boniface Down, it reaches eight hundred feet; at St. Catherine's hill, nearly nine hundred. Even the lowest terrace, sheltered by this wall, is at an elevation above the sea-level of seventy, eighty or one hundred feet. Imagine to yourself a magnificent esplanade, defended by a rampart of this tremendous height . . . a rampart often singularly bleak, and stern, but sometimes glittering with a chalky surface, and rounded like a chalky down, . . . an esplanade nearly a hundred feet above the sea: the sun flinging his rays on the rocky wall; and the wall reflecting them on the slopes beneath: no keen, biting blasts crushing the life out of the young growth of Nature:—imagine, I say, a spot so marked by natural

advantages, and you imagine the Undercliff!\* The myrtle blooms in this favoured spot, the geranium flourishes, even in the chill autumnal months. An Italian atmosphere seems to breath its balm around. Leafiness makes a very bower of each sequestered knoll; even to the marge of the lower cliff slopes the luxuriant verdure: blossoms are cast with a prodigal hand over the entire terrace: while the glorious Ocean sweeps around in all its magnificence, until it seems to near the heaven, and sea and sky mingle undefinably together!

It is to the discrimination of Sir James Clarke, M.D., that the present prosperity of Ventnor is chiefly to be attributed. When examining into the comparative salubrity of the towns on the southern coast, and their adaptability to the condition of invalids, he was surprised at the advantages offered by this sheltered spot, and eagerly recommended it to the notice of the faculty. "I have certainly seen nothing along the south coast that will bear a comparison with it," he exclaims, "and Torquay is, I apprehend, the only place on the south-

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\* Mrs. Radcliffe, the authoress of a once famous romance "The Mysteries of Udolpho," describes the Undercliff with much graphic power:—"The Undercliff is a tract of shore formed by the fallen cliffs, and closely barricadoed by a wall of rock of vast height. We entered upon it about a mile from Niton, and found ourselves in such a druid scene of wilderness and ruin as we never saw before. The road is for the most part, close to the wall of rock, which seems to threaten the traveller with destruction, as he passes frequently beneath enormous masses that lean forward. On the other side of the road is an extremely rugged descent of about half a mile to the sea, where sometimes are amphitheatres of rocks, their theatres filled with ruins, and frequently covered with verdure and underwood that stretch up the hill side with the wildest pomp, sheltering here a cottage and there a villa among the rocky hillocks. We afterwards ascended by a steep, rugged road to the summit of the down, from which the views are astonishing and grand in a high degree; we seemed perched on an extreme point of the world, looking down on the hills and cliffs of various height and form, tumbled into confusion as if by an earthquake, and stretching into the sea, which spreads its vast circumference beyond. The look down on the shores is indeed tremendous."

west coast which will do so. With a temperature nearly the same, the climate of Torquay will be found softer, more humid, and relaxing; while that of the Undercliff will prove drier, somewhat sharper, and more bracing." He observes that "indeed, it is matter of surprise to me, after having fully examined this favoured spot, that the advantages it possesses in so eminent a degree, in point of shelter and position, should have been so long overlooked in a country like this, whose inhabitants during the last century, have been traversing half the globe in search of climate. The physical structure of this singular district has been carefully investigated and described by the geologist, and the beauties of its scenery have been often dwelt upon by the tourist; but its far more important qualities as a winter residence for the delicate invalid, seem scarcely to have attracted attention, even from the medical philosopher."

The growth of Ventnor has been exceedingly rapid. Thirty years ago, it was a village; now, it is a busy, populous town, with a population of nearly 3,000. Thirty years ago, it had but one inn, the Crab and Lobster; now, there are three Hotels of splendid proportions. Then, it had no church, no libraries, no places of public resort or intellectual recreation; now it is liberally supplied with these, and rivals Ryde itself in its attractions as a sea-side resort.

Some remarkable natural curiosities render Ventnor especially attractive to the lover of the Picturesque. A little beyond the church, there is a singular jutting rock, overhanging the road, and exciting the spectator's wonder from the peculiarity of its position.

While the other wrecks of the great landslip which produced the Undercliff have assumed regularity of form and, as it were, coalesced into completeness, this gaunt, rugged rock stands in solitary grandeur—a memorial of Ruin, and a Landmark in the History of the Past.

But the tourist will not fail to visit the *Wishing Well* on St. Boniface Down, which forms the background, so

to speak, of Ventnor, and whose lofty summit may be reached by two routes. One commences at the foot of Ventnor Shute, passes Elm Grove, and the outrè architectural freak, called the Italian Villa, and so ascends the down at its western extremity. The second, and more facile, commences at the Ventnor Hotel, winds up the hill until it gains the Newport Road, and then, skirting Wroxall Down, reaches the summit of St. Boniface, eight hundred and thirty feet above the sea-level.

The prospect obtained from this lofty natural watch-tower, is of surpassing beauty. Beneath you, scattered irregularly, over hill, plain and valley, lies the town of Ventnor. To the south, amid a bower of leafiness, rises the turrets of Steephill Castle; and the sylvan terrace of the Undercliff stretches away to the little village of St. Lawrence, abruptly terminated by the dark, precipitous Upper Cliff. To the north, the beautiful valley of Bonchurch, dark with venerable trees, sleeps in tranquil loveliness; and its rocky towers and beacon-craggs rise out of a very wilderness of wild blossoms and dwarfed shrubs.

There are innumerable picturesque rambles in the vicinity of this pleasant town. Along the beach, when the tide is low, the tourist will find much to interest him, whether he bend his steps towards Sandown and its quiet bay, or towards the geological wonders of Rocken End. Then there is the delightful stroll to St. Lawrence, its well, and its quaint little Church; to Godshill, and Appuldurcombe—the ancient seat of the Worsleys; to Blackgang, and the savage grandeur of its Chine; to Bonchurch, by the side of the still, shadowy pool that borders on the high road, and through a leafy avenue, like the arcade of a majestic forest, and then, crossing the lofty downs, to Luccombe and Shanklin, and their rare, sweet scenery. To the historical features of the hamlets and churches the tourist will pass on each of these charming routes, I have now to direct his attention, ere—like Prospero—I “break my staff,” and “deeper than did ever plummet sound, I cast” my pen.

## BONCHURCH.

In the sequestered valley,—a massive rampart of black rocks rising above in all its primeval grandeur,—overshadowed by the venerable elms,—the hoarse murmur of the sea, as it rolls on the beach beyond, scarce disturbing, because it seems to harmonize with the solitude and silence of the sacred grove;—in a sequestered valley, lone, gray, stands the old Church of St. Boniface.

This picturesque old village church, this memorial of the piety of our ancestors, cannot but excite the interest of all who are easily moved by sweet associations. Its gray walls, mossed with ages, have a peculiar air of sacred melancholy. And as the eye rests upon the Cross—the bright symbol of our Faith, which surmounts its turret roof, while another crowns the porch, and a third, the gabled wall between the nave and chancel; one cannot but recall the days of yore when a purer devotion glowed in the hearts of men, and the Emblem kept ever present the Truth.

The Church is small, and comprises a nave, chancel, and a south porch. The latter portions of the building appear of a later date than the nave. The interior is very simple, and presents little worthy of note, except the cross, carved in black oak—a rare memorial, brought, it is said, from an old Norman Abbey, and placed at Bonchurch some 30 years ago:—it now adorns the altar, at the eastern end of the channel. A plastered ceiling unfortunately screens from the eye the fine oaken beams of the ancient roof.

In 1847, several mural paintings were discovered on the walls, by Mr. Saxby, which had been hidden for centuries under the whitewash so esteemed by churchwardens. They appear to represent the Last Judgment: “the glory of the righteous and the condemnation of the wicked.”

A road, opposite the pond, descends to the sea-shore, passing the picturesque villas of Orchard Leigh, Westfield, and Mountfield. This part of the coast is called *Horse-shoe Bay*—a name that indicates its peculiar formation.

Very near it is the quiet cove, called *Monk's Bay*, where—so says Tradition—in the olden time, the pious Monks landed, who came from the green valleys of Normandy, to plant the Cross in the Garden Isle. Here are the remains of a Roman encampment, half washed away by the sea. In 1847, at Mountfield, in the vicinity, several urns containing burnt bones and ashes, were found by the Rev. James White.\* Johann von Muller asserts that the Roman fleet was permanently stationed off the Isle of

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\* Journal, Archæological Inst., vol. i.

† Journal, Archæol. Assocn., 1855.

Wight :—probably in Puckaster Bay, near which are discernible the remains of a Roman road.†

Among the noticeable objects in this beautiful neighbourhood is the strange, abrupt rock, called the *Pulpit Rock*‡—near the villa of that name—which dark with lichens and the fury of two thousand years, juts boldly out beyond the parent cliff, bearing on its summit a rustic, wooden cross. It is 400 feet above the sea, and commands the panorama of the Undercliff as far as the bend of the coast, near Niton. The terraces of *Pulpit Rock*, and its lawny slope, are just beneath; and there, even in the mid-winter, flourish in all their glorious beauty, the verbena, the petunia, the bee orchis, myrtles, geraniums, and the most exquisite shrubs. The right-hand path winds under a bold, rude archway, which Nature has formed of rocks hurled from the impending cliffs, and, as it were, arrested in their fearful descent.

*Undermount Rock*, with its flags,—rising above a mass of clustering foliage—is also singular enough to demand the tourist's attention. The villas in the neighbourhood, too,—Wood Lynch, Cliff Dene, Rose Mount, &c.,—are all most picturesquely situated; *the Hotel* deserves especial notice—it is so charmingly placed in grounds laid out with the nicest skill.

It would be unjust not to record the name of the enterprising gentleman, to whose liberality and fine taste Bonchurch is indebted for its chief attractions—Dr. Leeson.

## SECTION 2.

### BONCHURCH TO SANDOWN.

#### LUCCOMBE.

The footpath to Shanklin is very beautiful, climbing up such acclivities, winding over such broad meadows, peering down into such deep vallies; with such fair glimpses of the white, chalky Culvers, the conical down of Bembridge, topped by its monument, and of the sounding sea; with such bright views of other downs, of slumbering hamlets, and of sequestered farm-houses;

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† A wooden enclosure formerly surrounded the head of the rock, whence it acquired its present appellation.



that I feel I dare not attempt to describe what the traveller can better realize to himself as slowly and enjoyingly he saunters along this "smooth shaven green."

Luccombe Chine is a deep, rugged ravine; its opening on the sea exceedingly noble; its cliffs rising to a considerable height, all crowned with the eternal ivy. Masses of rock, dim-coloured, huge, misshapen; some gray with the storms of many thousand years; some blooming with extraneous verdure: are heaped about the winding footpath, and partially block up the narrow channel of the rivulet, that, with many fantastic leaps, tumbles and glitters through the chasm. At the summit of the Chine stands Luccombe Farm, with its Look-Out tower, forming a prominent feature of the landscape.

There was a time—far back in the abyss of ages—when no ravine yawned through the lofty cliffs, when they presented a firm and unbroken front. But from the depths of the earth welled out a scanty stream—welled out constantly, through many a spring-time, and many a winter-storm—and gradually hollowing out for itself a narrow channel, deepening and widening it as the years rolled on, at last it reached the brink of the cliff, and leapt over it on the pebbly shore beneath. Still, it ceased not its destructive action. Deeper grew the channel, and wider at the mouth. The softer stratum of the cliff was easily worn away, and gradually, great masses of rock were loosened, and crashed head-long into the sea, and there yawned deep into the earth the wide fissure of Luccombe Chine. Vegetation soon clothed the disrupted masses, and tall trees sprang up on the precipitous sides of the chasm.

Adjacent to Luccombe Chine, is the wonderful phenomenon—I can call it nothing else—of

#### EAST END.

The terrific landslips which formed these singular ruins occurred in 1811, and 1818; the former causing the disruption of thirty acres, the latter of fifty. Rocks

upon rocks are piled in grand disorder, with the ruinous aspect of a thunder smitten tower; leaning still, as if for support, against the parent cliff from which they were so violently torn asunder. From gaping cliffs, and on jutting ledges, spring the mossed trunks of stunted trees; while the ivy and the holly, the wild blossom and the twining evergreen bloom bravely amid the wide-spread desolation. But it is from the summit of the cliff you gain the grandest view. Then, the scene beneath looks as if it had been the theatre of some Homeric battle—the Titans against the Gods—as if the Earth-Born here had sought a rampart against the fatal onset of their Immortal antagonists.

The Undercliff between Bonchurch and Niton seems now settled into an eternal repose; but its eastern and western extremities are still undergoing these wonderful changes. Thus, near East Dene, the surface of a meadow was visibly diminished even in one year. The end between the cliff brink and the pathway was undermined, and toppled over in huge disorder upon the beach.

Curious memorials of a past Age have been exhumed in this vicinity. In a quarry, west of Ventnor, was discovered the skeleton of a female, with an armlet which indicated the Roman-British period of the island-history. Here, perhaps, a whole settlement was overturned and buried by some vast and sudden convulsion of Nature eight hundred years ago,—like to the sad fate of the Italian Cities of the Dead, sleeping so long under the lava of Vesuvius—except, indeed, that no human skill shall ever pierce the depths, no human eye shall ever read the mysteries, of the ruined cities of the Under Cliff. Large antlers, too, have been discovered in this singular region, seemingly indicating that, in the Past, the red deer haunted the neighbouring woods.

The aspect of this “East End,” while the disruption was in progress, is said to have been exceedingly sublime. For three days successively, the earth heaved and sank, as if an Earthquake were shaking the very

depths. These landslips are ascribed to "the incessant effects of the numerous landsprings on the substratum" of blue clay or "galt," which, at various depths, runs through the Island. When dry, it is hard and firm; when saturated with water, it becomes saponaceous and slippery. Wherever, therefore, the level is on an inclination, whatever is extended over it, acquires a momentum, and easily slides down. Hence, the provincial name "Blue Slipper." A corresponding Landslip to this "East End" may be noted at the western extremity of the Undercliff, called "Rocken End."

From East End, the tourist, passing Luccombe Chine, may proceed by the cliff for a short distance, and then diverging, and gaining the ascent above Luccombe, will see beneath him the bright sands and noble curve of Sandown Bay, and the village of

#### SHANKLIN.

It lies, in a little secluded vale, declining towards the sea, though sufficiently elevated above it; its cottages, sequestered each in its own bowery garden are luxuriously shaded by mighty elms; its church, a quaint and simple structure, rises on an abrupt knoll, from out a leafy grove; and the shadow of Shanklin Down,\* pleasantly breaking the rays of a southern sun, sleeps upon the "unfathomable glade."

The Church, or Chapel of Shanklin, was annexed to the rectory of Bonchurch, but has been rendered independent by a late Act of Parliament. It formerly paid an acknowledgement of ten shillings a year, to its mother church of Brading, where the parishioners still bury their dead; but was separated from it in the reign of Stephen.

#### SHANKLIN CHINE.

Whoever has heard of the Isle of Wight, of "that beautiful island which he who has once seen can never

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\* Shanklin Down affords a magnificent prospect. Its summit is 792 feet above the sea.

forget," has assuredly heard, also, of Shanklin Chine, the very boast and pride of the Garden-Isle. And verily, it presents some memorable features—though by no means so far excelling the sister-chine of Luccombe as Guide-book concoctors have loved to assert,—and is, indeed, one of those "green spots" in "memory's waste" which blossom so fairly by the wayside of the world. Imagine, O friendly Reader, the lofty cliffs two hundred and fifty feet in height, gashed—as it were—with a vast ravine, three hundred feet wide at its abyssmal mouth—three hundred feet, I say, from one peak to the other; imagine this fissure penetrating deep into "the bowels of the earth," with abrupt, precipitous sides, terminating on narrow ledges, and then again shelving downwards boldly to the shore; imagine these sides of varied hues, sometimes luxuriantly verdant with lichens, mosses, ivy, and wild flowers,—sometimes diversified with strata of different colours, orange, gray, black, purple, and the deep red of the iron ore; imagine a scanty but rapid stream tumbling over the rocky ledge at the head of the fissure, with a fall of thirty feet; then, winding round and round, through the underwood, and breaking over the jutting crags, leaping far away and sparkling over the yellow sands, and mingling with the sea!—Imagine this, I say, and you will conceive some notion of Shanklin Chine.

To view the Chine in all its beauty, you should be some little distance off the shore; to gain acquaintance with all its picturesque details, you must saunter up the fantastical path that winds round and round from the sandy sea beach up to the Head of the Chine. On each side hang the abundant trees, with overarching boughs, and

"Each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,  
Up-toiling and inveterately convolved."

Halfway-up, on a pleasant terrace, stand some quaint little cottages; masses of earth are heaped around in singular confusion; a wealth of wild flowers blooms

about the path, and coltsfoot, harts-tongue, sea-beet, mallows, and various other plants grow profusely in the rifts. A fisherman's hut stands on the beach, where the rill runs into the waters of the bay; and at the head of the Chine, there is a pleasant villa of fanciful construction.

There is a fine, smooth, sandy shore from Shanklin to Sandown, winding round Sandown Bay—a bold curve, bounded on the south by the Horse Ledge, a rocky promontory; and north, by the glittering walls of the Culvers. On a terrace, adjacent to the mouth of the Chine, but raised a few feet above the beach, and sheltered by a noble back ground of precipitous cliff, stands a row of cottages, much frequented by the summer-tourists, that come with the summer-birds.

From Shanklin there is a pleasant road to Sandown, still keeping near the bay, with fine sudden glimpses of the wide waters of the channel, and then, onward across the meadows watered by the Eastern Yar, to Brading, and through leafy lanes to Ryde. But these places we have already visited; and our present tour must end at

#### SANDOWN.

The manor is described in the great roll, thus:—"The king holds Sandown. Ulnod held it allodially of king Edward. Then, it was taxed at two hides, now it is taxed at half a hide, and half a virgate. The land amounts to three carucates. In the demesne, there is one carucate, and there are seven villeins, one borderer with three carucates, and four acres pasturage. Valued at forty shillings, now at thirty."\* It bears in old records the expressive appellation of Sandham—the village on the sandy shore; but it was for centuries a mere cluster of cottages, and has only of late years sprang into that repute as a pleasant sea-side hamlet, to

\* "*Sande*. Rex ten. Ulnod ten. in alodin. de R.E. Tc. gelday. p. ii hid., modo p. dim. et dim. v. Tra. e. iii car. In dnio. e. i car. et vii vill. et bord. cu. iii car. et iv ac. pti. Val. xl sol., modo xxx."

which from its delightful situation it is so well entitled.

I. SANDOWN CHURCH.] On ground presented by Sir W Oglander, Bart., was erected Sandown Church, in 1847, from the designs of Mr. Woodman, a young Architect. It is placed north and south, and consists of a nave, chancel, south aisle, and a porch forming the lower part of the tower, which is surmounted by a spire standing on "a bold broach." This unpretending edifice is in the early decorated style, with an interior "characteristic and impressive." There are sittings for 450, and 200 of these are free.

II.—SANDOWN FORT.] At "Sandham Bay" Henry VIII. built a small fort, which was provided with "eleven pieces of brass and iron ordnance, six hundred and five shot of different sorts and sizes, twelve hollow shot for wild fire, and twenty-eight cases of hail shot for port pieces; three double barrels and one firkin of powder; seventy-eight hagbuts, but without flasks and touch boxes, and a firkin of corn powder; a chest of bows and another of arrows; one hundred and fifty pikes, and a hundred and twenty bills." . . . A formidable armament, truly! which, methinks, would little avail for defence in these days of scientific war. Its establishment, in the reign of Elizabeth, was on a scale commensurate with its armament: a porter at eight pence per day, and three gunners at sixpence per day! The yearly charge being, £39 10s. 10d. At one time, however, it was defended by a master Gunner and thirty soldiers.\*

King Charles, it would appear, visited the Wight on no less than three occasions; making his royal progress from Brading to Sandown, in 1665; from Gurnard Bay to Yarmouth, in 1671; and being compelled by a storm to land at Niton, in 1675.

III.—WILKES'S VILLA.] Not far from the Fort, on an eminence, west of the cliff, stands Royal Heath Villa, where John Wilkes so long resided—considerably altered now, indeed, but still retaining some of its original characteristics.

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\* In Henry 8th's time, the establishment was

A Captain at 4s. per day.  
A Lieutenant at 2s.  
13 Soldiers at 6d. each.

A porter at 8d. per day  
A master gunner at 8d.  
7 gunners 6d. each.



## SECTION 3.

## VENTNOR TO CHALE.

Leaving Ventnor by its southern highway, the tourist will proceed along the entire extent of the Undercliff to Niton,—a route which is, perhaps, incomparable for its mingled beauty and magnificence. Overarching trees cast a wavering shadow on the green slopes that decline so gently to the brink of the cliff; a wonderful luxuriance of wild flowers adorns the way-side, and runs riot in every sylvan glade; occasionally, a coolsome spring wells out from some rushy fount; and afar spreads a white sheet of rippled silver, glowing—it may be—in the summer noon, “with the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea.”

Seated on an undulating lawn, at a considerable elevation above the ocean level, and sheltered on the east by the mighty wall of the undercliff, with huge trees rearing around their “plumed crests,”—equally favoured by Art and Nature,—rises the embattled façade of *Steephill Castle*, and its towers and dim oriels and many turrets greet the traveller from afar, like the haunted castles one reads of in youth’s beautiful faëry tales.

A little Gothic shrine consecrates a leafy dell by the roadside. It is surmounted with a cross, and encloses a bright, spray-scattering stream, which issues from a dolphin’s mouth into a wide shell, and thence ripples away beneath the road to mingle with the sea. From earliest times, this *Well* has been dedicated to *St. Lawrence*, as the fount on Boniface Down was hallowed to *St. Boniface*. A lingering memory of the “creed outworn,” which once deified the groves and streams of Hellas was this Well-worship of our forefathers; and pleasant, in truth, is this wayside fountain with its cool waters, and its “hanging boughs,” and like enough to waken the gratitude of the weary-footed Pilgrim of

yore, when he rested in the shadow of the Undercliff, and slaked his thirst in the sweet Well of St. Lawrence.\*

Near the Well is the Cottage of the Hon. Dudley Pelham, R.N., built in the Elizabethian style; and the beautiful marine villa of the Earl of Yarborough is opposite to it. It was erected and furnished by Sir Richard Worsley, the historian of the Island.

After you have passed the Well, you will find the road ascend, and speedily you enter the romantic village of St. Lawrence-under-Wath. Passing its ivied cottages, you shortly reach the quaint little Church, enclosed in one of the quietest and fairest of grave-yards.

Formerly, the dimensions of the Church, as given by those inveterate utilitarians—guide-book concoctors,—were twenty feet in length by twelve in width,—the height barely exceeding that of an adult man, six feet. It, therefore, was—and is even now—the smallest ecclesiastical edifice of its kind in Great Britain. In the Book of Cardinal Beaufort, it is called the “Chapel” of St. Lawrence, and is rated at only 6 marks. Probably, it was originally used as a place of worship by the De Aula family, who are the earliest recorded possessors of the demesne. From them it passed into the possession of the Russell family,—the daughter and heiress of Thomas de Aula marrying William Russell, in the reign of Edward III. By marriage, also, the manor became the property of the Hackets, and, afterwards, the Leighs. The daughter and heiress of Sir John Leigh married, in Henry VIII.’s reign, Sir James Worsley, who in 1511 was Governor of the Island. From the Worsleys it passed into the hands of the Earls of Yarborough.

From St. Lawrence the tourist may ascend to the Uppercliff by a pathway, called Redgone; and pursuing his route as far as *Cripple Path*, thence descend again to the high road. From Cripple Path he will

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\* The present structure was erected by the late Earl of Yarborough.

enjoy an extraordinary panorama. Towards the left, he will observe the undulating valley of St. Lawrence; then, *Old Park*, and its fir plantations; the lofty woods of *Mirables*, with its lawny slope and limpid stream. The *Orchard* and its fig-trees, blossom opposite to us; beyond it, westward, lie *Puckaster* and the tall light-house at Niton, and, overshadowing the cottage of *Beauchamp*, threatens the towering Undercliff.

Near Niton, is the Light-House, a prominent object, like a column, commanding from its lantern-gallery a panoramic view of Rocken End. It was designed by Messrs Walker and Burgess, of London,—commenced in 1838; completed in 1840; and first lighted on the 1st March. One hundred feet is the height of its shaft, and thirty that of the lantern: its foundation is twenty-seven feet deep and thirty feet in diameter,—hewn out of the solid rock. Portland and Purbeck stone were used to case it, and Cornish stone for the turret. It is lighted by four concentric wicks, surmounted by six refractors (on Sir David Brewster's principle) 228 glass mirrors, and four spherical reflectors.

#### NITON.

Niton stands about a mile from the shore, in a quiet little dell, at the south-eastern base of St. Catherine's Hill. To distinguish it from Knighton, near Ashe, and partly from the abundance of crustacea in its vicinity, it is called Crab Niton.

#### ST. CATHERINE'S DOWN.

From Niton the tourist may proceed to Blackgang and Chale either by the road that winds round the base of St. Catherine's Hill, or by the path that crosses the magnificent down. I shall suppose that he chooses the more difficult but grander route.

We slowly ascend the almost precipitous hill, which is but scantily clothed with verdure, and bravely defy the breeze which here so invariably greets one, just as the

stout hearted breast the rough gales of Fortune—alas, how keenly at times the tempest sweeps over the path of Life!—we reach the crest of St. Catherine, eight hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea! Gazing around, we are astonished at the sublimity of the landscape. To the west sweeps a bold, undulating line of coast, hollowed into bays, broken abruptly by chines, rendered majestic by its numerous promontories. The eye rapidly passes over the deep chasm of Blackgang, the rocky curve of Chale Bay, the difficult reef off Atherfield Point, the gentle sweep of Brighstone Bay, to rest upon the glittering Freshwater Cliffs, which rear against the distant horizon their multitudinous crests. The waters of the Channel gleam around; but we cannot see their swift emotion. They seem to us, beholding them, as it were, from the clouds, one vast glorious expanse of flashing light. We are, perforce, reminded of that fine expression of Ruskin,—“the glitter of many suns upon the sounding sea;” or those of a colder temperament, of Spenser’s “purest snow, in massy mould congealed.” Inland, the prospect is exceedingly beautiful. Lofty downs stretch from east to west. Vallies very leafy, and broad meadows richly green, nestle among them. The sacred towers of village-churches, the ivied walls of ancient homesteads, the bolder outlines of manorial mansions, all diversify the living picture. The Island is spread open to our gaze. Beneath us, lie the hamlet of Niton and its Church; and on the narrow terrace of the Undercliff, the hoary masses of disrupted rock,

“Lie crouched around us like a flock of sheep.”

St. Catherine’s Light-house rears its tower on yonder cliff, like “a warning angel standing in the sea, and holding out a flaming sword to frighten men away from their destruction.”

#### BLACKGANG CHINE.

Descending the rugged steep of St. Catherine’s, we gain once more the lower ground, and speedily travers-

ing the green plateau between the high road and the marge of the cliff, we find ourselves on the very brink of Blackgang Chine. We will not dally here, but casting a brief glimpse into the chasm, and on its many-coloured walls, slowly progress by a sinuous and difficult path to the pebbly beach, and thence survey the desolation of nature in all its primeval grandeur.

Bare, bleak, iron-hued rocks, piled in layers one upon another, — no verdure, no wild flowers, no gnarled, fantastic trunks of trees—a wall of dark-blue indurated clay, a flashing stream, breaking into a myriad diamond-sparkles in its descent of seventy feet—such are the principal features of Blackgang.

#### SECTION 4.

WHITWELL, GODSHILL, AND APPULDURCOMBE.

#### WHITWELL.

The road beyond the Church of St. Lawrence diverges to the right, and leads through an open, smiling country to Whitwell, and thence to the village of Godshill—a pleasant track through luxuriant meadows, and plains sheltered from the winds by a barrier of noble downs.

Whitwell is a chapelry annexed to the vicarage of Godshill. The parish contains 637 inhabitants, having more than double its population since 1632, when it contained 309. In 1780 (*circa*) the population was 344; in 1831, 556. The acreage is 1,920; assessed at £2,199.

#### GODSHILL.

Once upon a time—it matters not how long ago—there nestled in the silence of a leafy valley, a certain village, wherein dwelt various discreet and pious peasants, of an old and famous race. Long they had laboured in the shadow and darkness of a pagan creed, until a holy man had come amongst them, and had taught them the sublime religion of Love and Mercy, and told them the wondrous tale of the Divine Sacrifice, and so touched their hearts that they cast down their blood-stained Altars, and bent the knee in reverence to the True God. Then cried the

Elders of the Village, "We will build unto the Lord a Temple and we will worship him there, we and all our children, and our children's children, and ages yet unborn shall know how the Saxon revered God." So they chose them a spot at the foot of a lofty hill; and all day they wrought, and marked out the foundation, and piled the huge stones one upon another, until the silence of the night swept over the sky, and they rested from their toil. Now, on the morrow, they went again to their labour; but lo, the huge stones were borne away—borne by an invisible Hand to the summit of the Hill, at whose base, on the yesterday, they had rested! When the people saw this wonderful thing, they were much astonished, and cried with one accord, "Let us build unto the Creator a Temple on the summit of the hill, for of a truth it will be acceptable to him; and from this time forth shall the sanctuary and the village be known unto men, in remembrance of this great deed, as *God's Hill*!" Thus ever should we build our Hope and our Faith above the world, above its passions and its idols, looking starward into the pure heaven where dwell the sons of God.

Godshill, as the legend we have related implies, stands on a lofty hill, and commands a magnificent landscape. Southward, rise the woody heights of Appuldurcombe; eastward, towers the most elevated spot in the Island, St. Catherine's Down: and beneath it lies the ancient village, pleasantly situated in a very bower of leafiness. It is an edifice of considerable size, and its ramified windows are indubitable proofs of its erection since the Conquest, and its general Norman design.

### APPULDURCOMBE.

This celebrated seat of the Worsley family, is situated about a mile and a half to the west of Godshill.

Surrounded by an amphitheatre of noble downs, its lawny slopes are crested with clumps of leafy trees; and in the rear of the mansion, rises a knoll crowned with magnificent beeches, and ancestral oaks, whose luxuriant foliage forms a glorious background to the landscape.

The mansion itself, possesses four fronts of the Corinthian order. The cornices, pilasters, balustrades, and ornaments are constructed of Portland stone. The chief entrance is on the eastern side, where there are two projecting wings. A beautiful lawn stretches before it, fragrant with rare exotics. A colonnade adorns the southern side.

The entrance hall is 54 feet long, and 24 broad, decorated with eight Ionic columns, coloured in imitation of porphyry. Upwards of twenty bedchambers, and dressing rooms, are arranged on the first and attic stories, once finely embellished with rare productions of the Great Masters.



## CHALE.

The Church of Chale was built in the reign of Henry I., about the year 1113-4. It is a picturesque structure, with an embattled tower, like that of Carisbroke; a body, and chancel. The south aisle is divided by four Gothic arches, with a chapel at the east end.

In the grave-yard lie the bodies of many of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated *Clarendon*.

## SECTION 5.

## BRIGHSTONE AND ITS VICINITY.

“A cheerful little village on the sunny side of the Isle of Wight, sheltered from cold winds by overhanging hills, with a goodly Church, and a near prospect of the sea.” Such, of a truth, is Brighstone: to my mind the pleasantest hamlet on the southern coast, with inns where Falstaff would decorously have taken his ease,—luxuriant green dells where surely Titania has listened to Oberon’s vows,—downs like guardian giants to shelter the Faery-Queen from biting blasts, with a burst of glowing waters whereat Cortez, “with eagle eyes,” and “all his men,” might have gazed with “wild surmise,” and a pleasant little Church, having about it such an air of antique grace, and such a feeling of holy tranquillity as needs must be very delightful to the beholder. Here in this still nook, that truthful and simple-hearted pastor, the light and glory of the Anglican Church, Bishop Ken, for two years “persuaded men to the fear of God.” Here, in the echo, as it were, of the ever-sounding sea, the great Apostle of Freedom, William Wilberforce, spent the last calm days of a life consecrated to the cause and service of humanity. Behind the hills, set the sun in sublime repose. Wilberforce closed his illustrious career in the valley of Brighstone.

Uggeton is included in this parish. It was at one time the property of God's House, at Portsmouth, but reverted to the Crown on the dissolution of the religious orders.

Atherfield Point presents a vast and curious field of enquiry to the geological student. It is the eastern boundary of Brighstone Bay, and throws out into the sea a dangerous reef, which has often proved fatal to the mariner and his good ship. There are numerous chimes on this coast: Cowleaze, Shripledge, Jackman's Grange, and Chilton. Barnes Hole, between Cowleaze and Shripledge, is a vast chasm in the earth, with black gloomy sides, four hundred feet in height.

A winding road through a deep gully, up the precipitous down that shelters the fertile meadows of Mottistone, leads to the Longstone, one of the most interesting memorials extant of the Celtic period of our Island-History.

And now, proceeding along the coast, at last, kind reader, the *terminus* of our pleasant tour, in the fair village of Brook, which lies in a still valley, between two contiguous hills, and looks out upon the bold coast of Compton Bay, and the high gleamy crests of the Freshwater Cliffs. The steep ridge of Afton Down stretches away to the westward; the heights of Brighstone, Shalcombe, and Chessel shelter it from the winds of the east and north.

On Brook Down are "several tumuli, each of which is encompassed by a fosse; vestiges of a Roman encampment and amphitheatre are also discernible."



## Summer-day's Sail round the Island.

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My boat is ready, gentle reader. A bland breeze comes up gently from the south; cloudless are the skies as those which beam upon Parthenopè, and blue the waves as those which ripple on the haunted shores of that fair bay. It is a summer morning—such a summer morning as our changeful English climate sometimes *can* produce. The fragrance of a thousand flowers comes up on the wind; the air is soft and genial, but not too fervent. Upon the water, it will positively be cool. Come, kind reader, my most approved good friend,—step into this trusty boat,—while a favouring breeze swells out our sails,—and let us make the circuit of the Garden Isle. There are shadowy little creeks into which we fain must penetrate, and sleepy bays—girdled by pearly cliffs—where we must dally in the noontide sun. If you trust yourself to the steam-boat, you will lose all these rare delights; you will pass the Isle too rapidly to note its more attractive features; and your dreams of Fairyland will be broken in upon by uncongenial associations, by the empty talk of vapid nobodies, the cursed clack clack of the engine, and the loud beat of the foamy paddles.

For my own part, I have a touch of sentiment about me. Yes: I confess it, I keenly enjoy the beauties of nature, and love to indulge the thoughts and feelings and aspirations which they originate. I love the wood, and the rippling brook. I love the dark grey hills, and the balmy copse. And above all, I love the Sea! Aye, I have a passion for the sea! For its music, ever changing into a thousand mystical strains—sometimes, throbbing softly on the air like the sound of a distant lute; anon, swelling up grandly into the clouds, like the mighty tread of a Titan host; and now, wailing upon the winds with such a sense of woe and desolation as pierces to the very heart! I have a passion

for the sea. For its beauty, sometimes so grand and stormy, like the beauty of a Pythoness; sometimes, so sparkling, like the laughter on a fair girl's face. I have a passion for the sea. For its memories of the awful Yore, when first out of the gloomy chaos leapt the live waters at the bidding of the Divine word; its memories of glorious deeds—human daring, human endurance, human power; of the battle, and the wreck on the sunken reef, and the sudden agony of the foundered crew; and its softer memories that tell us of sweet southern isles where the palm trees in the lustre of the golden sun. The sea! the sea!—Psha! this sentiment runs away with me. But let me warn you, gentle reader, if you would fully enjoy the coast scenery of this wondrous Isle, you must avoid the jar of paddle wheels and the ceaseless throb of the engines! Sentiment and steam-boats are seldom associated. Rise early on a summer morning, when wind and tide are favourable, and away “under canvass” over the sparkling waters!

We start from RYDE—now, a handsome town, stretching far up yonder hill, and extending also on the east and west with amazing rapidity—but forty years ago was a straggling collection of fishermen's huts. La Ryde was its original appellation, and in the famous year 1322 it was burnt by the French. But in the famous year 1322, yonder arsenal of Portsmouth did not wear its present formidable aspect. However, let us hope its munitions may never again be employed in warfare with the gallant people, once such deadly foes, now such staunch allies...The tall spires of the two principal churches rise against the sky—to the east, the *Church of the Holy Trinity*; to the west, that of *St. Thomas*. Leaving the Pier, 2200 feet in length, behind us, we steer to the westward, passing rapidly the *Club House* and its miniature battery; *Westfield*, the elegant mansion of Sir Augustus Clifford;\* *Buckland Grange*, the residence of Alleyne Yard, Esq., a pretty villa in the Elizabethan style; and *Ryde House*, the abode of Miss Player, the Lady of the Manor of Ryde.

The woods of BINSTED now attract the gaze. They creep down to the very marge of the sea, but though pleasant enough with the music of birds, and overhanging branches throwing across the sward fantastic shadows, they are unadorned by lofty oak or leafy beech,—their growth being apparently stunted, and their tallest trees being simply vigorous dwarfs. A scanty brook forms their eastern boundary, and at the same time divides the parish of Newchurch from that of Binstead. The fishing house *a la Suisse* at the embouchure belongs to Lord Downes, whose seat, *Binstead Cottage*, and its pleasant gardens are now before us.

QUARR WOOD is the next point of interest in our voyage.

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\* Sir Augustus Clifford, Bart., is a retired Vice-Admiral, and Usher of the Black Rod.

Once it boasted a thick growth of ancestral trees, but lately the hand of the spoiler has been upon them, and only a few "tall monarchs of the waste" now tower above the fragrant underwood. It probably formed the north-western boundary of one vast forest, which covered the island within a line indicated by the hamlets of Wootton, Avington, and Elmsworth,—the sea bounding it on the north,—and Parkhurst, or the King's Forest, being the western portion.—The melancholy ruins of QUARR ABBEY are visible on yonder verdant slope—An arch—a column—a pillar : little more is left of that once wealthy and powerful monastic institution. Founded by Baldwin, Earl of Devon, in the reign of Henry I., and richly endowed by succeeding Lords of the Island—the burial place of William de Vernon and his wife, and of a daughter of England, the lady Cicely, daughter of Edward IV.,—the Reformation suddenly struck it from its "pride of place," and falling into the hands of men who neither respected Religion nor valued Art, it was soon shattered into an irretrievable ruin. The walls, which once enclosed thirty acres, are in tolerable preservation, and you can still discern the Water-gate, whence the good Abbot or his retainers issued when they sought the sea. Hark ! do you hear the solemn swell of the vespers, surging through the forest-glades, and over the rippling tide ? Do you see the dark forms of the cowed monks, as clustering on the shore, they await the arrival of some errant brother ? Nay : the Past is only for the Poet. Let us trim our sails, and leave it far behind !

But we cannot readily do so—Past and Present are too closely interlinked. Crossing the mouth of WOOTTON RIVER, for by that sonorous appellation is dignified a creek which runs a mile or two into the land, and at low water presents a dreary expanse of mud,—we quickly reach a small but picturesque inlet, where the waters calmly sleep in the bosom of leafy shadows, known as KING'S QUAY. We are face to face with the Past, again. For once upon a time, on its shores, and amid the woods that skirt them, larked the most infamous of English monarchs, King John. Hither he retreated, and here he found safety in 1216, after his forced signature of the Great Charter of English freedom. None knew—few cared—whither he had betaken himself ; and so, for three months, "he led," says the old chronicler, "a solitarie lyfe among ryvers and fishermen."

Merrily sails the good boat onward. We pass *Barton Point*,—we give a hearty cheer as the splendid façade of OSBORNE rises before us,—Osborne, the sea-side home of a Queen who reigns not by swords, but hearts—we reach the ivied towers of *Norris Castle*, built by Mr. Wyatt, afterwards Sir J. Wyattville, an architect of some celebrity in his day ; and rounding *Old Castle Point*, we find ourselves at the noble entrance of the MEDINA.

On the hill before us rises the picturesque town of WEST COWES. You can easily discern its Church; its small Pier; to the right of the pier the famous dockyard of the Messrs. White; the Marine terrace; the *old* Club House of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the *new* Club House,—once known as *West Cowes Castle*, and built by Bluff King Hal to protect the entrance of this noble harbour. A similar fortalice, now entirely destroyed, defended the eastern shore. East Cowes lacks the animation of its sister town, but it is agreeably situated; and just above it one can mark the handsome turrets of East Cowes Castle,—the creation of the fancy, rather than the learning, of the late Mr. Nash, to whom the Metropolis is indebted for several monstrous architectural enormities.

Ho for the Westward, ho! We pass the mansion, so strangely named *Egypt*, and leisurely creep along the pleasant shore of GURNARD'S BAY. Here, King Charles II., of witty and dissolute memory landed, when, in 1671, he paid a visit to the gallant Sir Robert Holmes, then governor of the Island, and whilom a terror to "the false Spaniards" and "lubberly Hollanders." From Gurnard's Bay to a place on the opposite coast called Leap, it is supposed there once extended a gravelly ridge which, at low water, afforded a facile means of conveyance to the merchants who, in the days of Celtic domination, carried on the celebrated Tin Trade. From Gurnard's Bay there ran across the island a broad highway, through the green glades of Parkhurst—then, a wild and savage forest—past the rude stronghold of Carisbrooke, over the lofty downs of Chillorton, terminating, a mile below Niton, on the shore of Puckaster Cove.

THORNESS BAY now opens upon us, and we catch some delightful glimpses of inland scenery; of hill, and dale, and glen, backed by the stern, dark heights that crest the Isle from Carisbrooke to Freshwater. Then, we reach the broad waters of NEWTOWN RIVER, forming an harbour of depth enough to float vessels of 500 tons. A flourishing town, called *Francheville*, once stood upon its banks, but it was burnt by the French in 1377, and the *Newtown* which sprung from its ashes, never attained to any prosperous condition. There is little now to attract our attention, except the vistas of woodland, farm, cottage, church, and ample lea, that diversify the interior, until we reach YARMOUTH. Here, at the mouth of the river Yar, stands the fort built by Henry VIII., now mounted with eight guns. A similar fort, *Hurst Castle*, stands at the extremity of a narrow peninsula, jutting out from the opposite coast. The strait between is not above three quarters of a mile in width, and is entirely commanded by these twin strongholds. At *Sconce Point*, west of the Yar, there was formerly a small fort, also constructed by Henry VIII.



The scenery of the coast now assumes a widely different character. We are sailing beneath abrupt, precipitous cliffs, of a dazzling snowy whiteness, varying in height from three to seven hundred feet. We sail round COLWELL and TOTLAND BAYS, and passing *Headon Point*, reach that magnificent panorama, which commencing at ALUM BAY continues—with a swift succession of wonders—even to *Brook Point*.

As our boat glides into ALUM BAY, we seem to enter a faëry world. The cliffs sparkle with the hues of the rainbow! It is as if the Titans had built here an impregnable stronghold, and adorned the ramparts with a thousand glittering banners. Perpendicular strata of orange, purple, blue, and red contrast with the dazzling whiteness of the adjacent cliffs. When the sunlight falls upon them, the Bay wears an aspect of marvellous enchantment. The NEEDLES form its western extremity, and their huge, square, chalky masses seem to offer an impenetrable barrier. The rock which, according to a generally received theory, procured them this singular appellation was about one hundred and twenty feet in height, and tapered from its base upward to a fine extremity. By sailors, it was termed “The Pillar of Lot’s wife.” It fell down, with an awful roar, that was heard at a distance of many miles, in 1764.

Rounding the Needles Point, with its guardian light-house on the down above us, and the white cliffs of Dorsetshire stretching away to the westward, we enter SCRATCHELL’S BAY. Here we land, and gaze at the wonderful rocks impending over us, and enter the great cavern or arched recess, two hundred feet in height. The sea-birds whirl over our heads in fantastic circles, —Willocks, Choughs, Puffins, and Cormorants. The ceaseless emotion of the waters comes with a heavy throb upon the heart. The warm sunshine throws a glow over the face of the pearly cliff. But we must not linger, for the day is declining, and our voyage is but half completed. Into our boat, up with our sail, and away!

We are passing now a wide range of cliffs called the *Main Bench*. Next, we reach the *Old Pepper Rock*, the *Wedge Rock*, and observe various caverns of different height and depth. The most notable are *Roe’s Hall*, six hundred feet high, and *Lord Holmes’s Parlour* and *Kitchen*, where Lord Holmes, a former governor of the Island, is said to have entertained his guests. *Frenchman’s Hole*, where a French prisoner once concealed, and, it is said, starved himself, is ninety feet deep.

The HIGH DOWN CLIFFS are six hundred and twenty feet in height. Let us put out a little way to sea in order to obtain a full view of their astonishing altitude. Green clumps of samphire vary the chalky surface, and flocks of sheep are grazing on their summit,

We stretch across WATCOMBE BAY, whose four caverns call for no particular observation,—pass *Freshwater Cave*, one hundred and twenty feet in depth, and thirty feet in height,—and, at last, arrive at FRESHWATER GATE. Here we will land, and at one of the excellent Hotels upon the shore, will “take our ease.” There are numerous curious objects in the vicinity. The *Cave*, to which we have already alluded, and the celebrated *Arched Rock*, standing, like a triumphal arch, in the midst of the foaming waters, whose ceaseless action have thus insulated it from the parent cliff. The source of the river Yar is but a few yards from the sea, and is separated from it by a narrow bank of gravel,—hence, the name of the locality, *Freshwater Gate*.

Let us, kind reader, suppose that another day has risen upon the ocean in light and glory, and that we have resumed our imaginary voyage. A genial breeze bears us rapidly through Compton Bay,—a fresh, vigorous breeze, coming over the lofty heights of Afton and Compton Downs. At *Brooke Point*, we may remember there is a wonderful geological curiosity—a petrified forest. Aye, a forest borne down by a rushing torrent, some ages since, from its birth-place, and swept into the whirling waters, where bough, and branch, and trunk have gradually passed into a state of petrification.

We have left the shadow of lofty cliffs, and are coasting now along a shore less savage in its character. Still, there is a wall of dark, rugged earth, broken here and there by yawning chimes. A mile inland, lie numerous sequestered hamlets,—*Brook*, *Mottistone*, and *Brighstone* or *Brixton*. The broad cornfields, the green meadows, the snug farms, the gray churches, form an attractive picture of “still life.”

Merrily the flashing prow cuts the blue waters of *Brixton Bay*. We keep out to sea to escape the dangerous ledge, known as *Atherfield rocks*, but entering *Chale Bay* we again near the shore, and behold with awe and admiration the savage grandeur of *Blackgang Chine*. Above it, rises the rough hill of *St. Catherine*, with its sacred pharos, and its desolate lighthouse. Half a mile inland, rises the gray tower of *Chale Church*, in whose grave-yard repose so many shipwrecked mariners. Bleak, bare, and gloomy is this inhospitable coast, and curst with the memories of many a shattered barque!

We pass through the swift current, called the *Race*, produced by the conflict of waters at *Rocken End*. We round the abrupt headland of *St. Catherine's Point*, where stands a lofty lighthouse, and enter *Puckaster Cove*—once the harbour of the Phœnician sailors who visited the Island in connection with the Ancient Tin Trade. Here, it is supposed, the Roman fleets were wont to anchor. Here, too, Charles II. landed in 1675, when driven to shore by stress of weather. We have reached the most celebrated

scenery of the Island,—the famous UNDERCLIFF, which lies like a richly wooded plateau, sparkling with villas, and hamlets, beneath an immense precipitous wall of gray, barren cliff. The most notable seats in our immediate vicinity are Mount Cleves, Beauchamp, the Orchard, Old Park, and Mirables. Each is sequestered in a bower of foliage, and placed amid enchanted scenery.

We leave ST. LAWRENCE and its miniature church, on the cliffs, behind us. *Steephill Castle* shows its turrets above the trees. VENTNOR now presents itself to our gaze in all its picturesque beauty, and the lofty, circular summit of *St. Boniface Down*, and the villas that stud the haunted ground of BONCHURCH. The small cove we are now entering is called *Monk's Bay*. It was the landing place of the zealous monks who crossed the Channel from their quiet abbey in Normandy, to proclaim the truths of Christianity to the rude fishermen who dwelt on its shores many, ah, many a changeful year ago!

This bold ledge of misshapen rocks, stretching far out into the sea, was the result of a terrible landslip, and is known as East End. Here, the cliffs again assume a formidable aspect, but they are not dazzling walls of chalk as at Freshwater and the Main Bench. Their hues are partly orange, partly brown, with broad red streaks of iron ore. The picturesque *Chine of Luccombe*, and the Lookout Tower at its summit, are now before us. A few minutes, and we reach the leafy village of *Shanklin*, and its *Chine* attracts our admiration. Then, our boat stretches away across the quiet bay of SANDOWN, and passing Sandown Fort, we reach the gleaming heights known as the *Culver Cliffs*. Slowly we tack round the Foreland, escaping the dangerous rocks, called *Bembridge Ledge*, and gladly hail the lightship known as the Nab. The waters of BRADING HAVEN stretch far up into the land,—the western bank, at the entrance, marked by a beacon, the ruins of the tower of Old St. Helen's Church, long since swept away by the inroads of the encroaching sea.

The daylight is going down in gold and purple far over the western waters, and the stars are slowly gathering on the azure heights, and gazing with soft and loving eyes at their own beauty in the glassy wave. So, in the stillness of the evening we gently float onward over the gleaming tide; past the green woods that overhang *Priory Bay*, the rude hamlet of *Sea View*, the pleasant glades of *Springvale*; and, finally, bring our trusty bark to her moorings off the Ryde Pier. What have we not seen of beauty and grandeur, of the sublime and the picturesque, that will fill our minds with a thousand delightful memories and our hearts with a thousand sweet emotions, even when our steps have wandered to "fresh scenes, and pastures new?"... "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"



## RYDE PIER.

*Rates of Composition in lieu of Tolls, by the Week, Month, or Quarter.*

	Per Week.			Per Month			Quarter.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
One Person .....	0	1	3	0	4	0	0	8	0
A Family of Two Persons.....	0	2	0	0	6	0	0	14	0
Ditto Three Persons .....	0	2	9	0	9	0	1	0	0
Ditto Four Persons.....	0	3	6	0	11	6	1	6	0
Ditto Five Persons .....	0	4	3	0	14	0	1	12	0
Every additional Person in a Family .....	0	0	6	0	1	6	0	3	6
Every Servant in the service of a person compounding (not being a Porter in the employ of an Inn-keeper, Boarding- house, or Lodging-house keeper) .....	0	0	6	0	1	6	0	2	6

Children under 7 years not reckoned when the Composition is for a month or longer,

Compositions must be paid in advance, and no agreement admitted until the same is paid.

No Composition allowed in lieu of Tolls, on Luggage, Goods, Wares, or Merchandize.

## BANKERS.

**HAMPSHIRE BANKING COMPANY**, 32, Union-street; Mr. Philip Thomas Hellyer, Manager; draw on the London Joint Stock Bank.

**NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND**, 4, Union-street; Mr. Thomas Way Eldridge, Manager; draw on the London and Westminster Bank.

**SAVINGS' BANK**, (branch of Newport) Henry Pullen, Secretary; Office, Town Hall, Lind-street.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

**Alms Houses**, Newport-road : founded and supported by Mrs. Wilder.

**Coast Guard Station**, Esplanade: Capt. Scott, Commanding Officer.

**Free Masons Hall**, John-street.

**Gas Works**, Monkton-street: Mr. W. Meyrick, Secretary.

**Market House**, Lind-street: Market-days, Tuesdays and Fridays.

**Mechanic's Institute**, Lind-street: Mr. George Riddett, Hon. Secretary.

**Museum**, (Isle of Wight Philosophical and Scientific Society,) Cross-street: open from 1 till 6, (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) Admission, by Ticket; B. Barrow, Esq., Hon. Secretary.

**National Schools**, Melville-street: Master, Mr. W. Young: Mistress, Miss M. A. Burningham.

**Police Station**, Newport-road: —. Cook, Sergeant.

**Royal Victoria Yacht Club House**, Pier-street: G. H. Ackers, Esq., Commodore, T. Chamberlain, Esq., Vice-commodore; Capt. Helby, Secretary.

**Royal Isle of Wight Infirmary**, High-street, erected in 1849 at a cost of upwards of £2,000,—supported by public subscriptions, and capable of accommodating from 20 to 30 in-patients: House Surgeon and Secretary, Mr. A. Godwin: T. B. Salter, Esq., M.D., B. Barrow, Esq., and H. Phene, Esq., Medical Officers.

**Royal Victoria Arcade**, Union-street.

**Ryde Pier**.

**Ryde Dispensary**, Cross-street: Mr. J. Wavell, Dispensing Chemist and Secretary; Mark Brown, Esq., M.D., H. Phene, Esq., Medical Officers.

**Royal Victoria Rooms**, Lind-street, Mr. Cutler, sen., proprietor.

**Town Hall**, Lind-street; Mr. N. Ashford, Hall-keeper.

**Theatre**, High-street.

## BATHS AND BATHING MACHINE PROPRIETORS.

E. K. MINTER, (late Rayner) Pier-street, nearly opposite the R.V.Y.C.  
J. KEMP, (late T. KEMP) Esplanade.  
J. WILLIAMS, Esplanade and Appley.

## PUBLIC OFFICERS.

Clerk to the Town Commissioners, Mr. H. PULLEN; Office, Town-hall, Lind-street.  
Town Surveyor and Architect, Mr. F. NEWMAN, 14, George-street.  
Inspector of Nuisances & Collector of Town-rates, Mr. J. HELLYER, Strand.  
Collector of Income-tax, Assessed-taxes, Poor-rates, Assistant-Overseer for the Parish of Newchurch, and Secretary to the Ryde Building Society, Mr. JAMES FAIRALL, 14, Lind-street.  
Collector of Market-tolls, &c., Mr. N. ASHFORD.  
Clerk to the Pier Company, T. B. HEARN, Esq., St. Thomas's-street,  
Registrar of Births and Deaths, and Relieving-officer, Mr. R. ELLMAN, High-street.

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

*Holy Trinity Church*, Upper Dover-street: Rev. Arthur John Wade, M.A., Incumbent; Rev. John Barrow, M.A., Curate.—Service, on Sundays, at 11, 3, and half-past 6; Daily: every Morning, half-past 9; except Wednesdays, Fridays, and all Holy Days, 11.  
*St. Thomas's Church*, St. Thomas's-street: Rev. William Spencer Phillips, B.D., Incumbent; Rev. C. E. R. Robinson, M.A., Curate: Rev. H. Morris, M.A., Assistant Curate.—Service on Sundays, at 11 and 3: on Wednesday and Friday Mornings at 11.  
*St. James's Chapel*, Lind-street: Rev. H. Ewbank, Incumbent.—Service on Sunday, at 11 and half-past 6; on Thursday Evening, at 7.  
*Congregational Church*, George-street: Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL.D.—Service on Sunday, at half-past 10 and half-past 6; Wednesday evening, at 7.  
*Wesleyan Chapel*, Nelson-street: Rev. P. Parsons, Minister.—Service on Sundays, at half-past 10 and half-past 6; Prayers on Tuesday and Friday Evenings, at 7.  
*Baptist Chapel*, John street: Rev. S. Cox, Minister.—Service on Sundays, at half-past 10 and half-past 6; Prayers on Tuesday Evening, at 7.  
*Primitive Methodist Chapel*, Star-street (no regular minister).—Service on Sundays, at half-past 10 and half-past 6.  
*St. Marie's Catholic Chapel*, High-street; Rev. John Telford, M.A., Priest.—On Sundays, Mass at 8, a.m., High Mass at half-past 10, a.m.; Vespers and Benediction, at 3, p.m.; Week days, Mass at 9, a.m.; on Holy Days, High Mass, at half-past 9, a.m.; Vespers and Benediction, at half-past 7, p.m.

## HYSIPICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Mark Brown, Esq. M.D., Melville-street.	C. J. Lowder, John-street, Homœopathist.
B. Barrow, Esq., Clifton-house, High-street.	H. Phene, Esq., Melville-street.
R. W. Bloxam, Esq., George-st.	T. B. Salter, Esq. M.D., 3, Lind-terrace.
D. Beaton, Esq., St. James'-cotts.	S. Weeding, Esq., Castle-street.

## SURGEON DENTIST.

Harrington. G. F., Esq., Ednam-house, Melville-street.

## SOLICITORS.

T. B. Hearn, Esq., St. Thomas's-st.	W. E. Ratcliffe, Esq., St. Thomas's road.
J. H. Hearn, Esq., Colonade, Lind-street.	J. Worsley, Esq., St. Thomas's-st.



## NEWPORT.

### PLACES OF WORSHIP.

St. John's Church, St. John's-place : Rev. R. Hollings. Minister.  
St. Paul's Church, Cross-lane : Rev. L. Sharpe. Minister.  
St. Thomas's Church, Corn Market : Rev. G. H. Connor.  
Baptist Chapel, High-street; Rev. W. Jones, Minister.  
Independent Chapel, Lower St. James's-street.  
Independent Chapel, Upper St. James's-street : Rev. J. Froggart, Minister.  
Unitarian Chapel, High-street.  
Wesleyan Chapel, Pyle-street.  
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Holyrood-street.  
Bible Christian Chapel, Quay-street.  
Roman Catholic Church, Pyle-street, Rev. T. Fryer, Priest.

## EAST AND WEST COWES.

### PLACES OF WORSHIP.

St. James's Chapel, East Cowes : Rev. E. V. Hennah, Incumbent.  
St. Mary's Church, Church-place : Rev. J. P. Power, Minister.  
Trinity Church, West Cliff-road ; Rev. M. Geneste, Minister.  
Independent Chapel, Union-road : Rev. T. Mann.  
Independent Chapel, East Cowes : Rev. — Beazley.  
Wesleyan Chapel, Medina-road.  
Roman Catholic Church : Rev. F. D. Airey, Priest.

## VENTNOR.

### PLACES OF WORSHIP.

St. Catherine's Church : Rev. J. Marland, Incumbent.—Service on Sundays, at 11, 3, and half-past 6 : Wednesdays, 11.  
Independent Chapel, High-street : Rev. W. Warden, Minister.—Service on Sundays, half-past 10, and half-past 6 : Mondays, 7 p.m., and Wednesdays, 7 p.m.  
Wesleyan Chapel, Albert-street : Rev. J. Vint, Minister.—Service on Sundays, half-past 10, and 6 : Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 7 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Sundays at 7 a.m.  
Bible Christian Chapel : Rev. W. Higman, Minister,—Service on Sundays, half-past 10, half-past 2, and 6. Tuesdays and Fridays, 7 p.m.  
The Brethren.—Service on Sundays, 11 and 6. Wednesdays, 7 p.m.  
Bonchurch Church : Rev. E. Carr, Rector.—Service on Sundays, 11 and 3. Fridays, 11 a.m.  
St. Lawrence Church ; Rev. C. Levingston, Rector.—Service on Sundays, half-past 10, and half-past 2.

# TOURS IN THE ISLAND.

## FOUR DAYS' TOUR FROM RYDE.

1.	3.
Ryde to St. Helen's . . . . . 4	Freshwater Gate to Alum Bay 2
Brading . . . . . 2	Freshwater . . . . . 2
Yaverland . . . . . 1	Yarmouth . . . . . 3
Bembridge . . . . . 3	Carisbrooke . . . . . 9
Sandown . . . . . 4	Newport . . . . . 1
Shanklin . . . . . 3	West Cowes . . . . . 5 22
Bonchurch . . . . . 3	
Ventnor . . . . . 1 21	
2.	4.
Ventnor to Steephill . . . . . 1	Ferry to East Cowes
St. Lawrence . . . . . 1	Newport . . . . . 5
Sandrock and Niton . . . . . 3	Arreton . . . . . 4
Blackgang Chine . . . . . 2	Godshill . . . . . 4
Through Kingston, Shorwell,	Appuldurcombe . . . . . 1
Brixton, Mottistone, Brooke	Newchurch . . . . . 4
Freshwater Gate . . . . . 15 22	Ryde . . . . . 6 24

## THREE DAYS' TOUR FROM RYDE.

1.	3.
Ryde to Brading . . . . . 4	Shorwell . . . . . 2
Sandown . . . . . 2	Brixton . . . . . 2
Shanklin . . . . . 3	Mottistone . . . . . 2
Luccombe . . . . . 2	Brooke . . . . . 1
Bonchurch . . . . . 1	Freshwater Gate . . . . . 4
Ventnor . . . . . 1	Alum Bay . . . . . 2 18
Steephill . . . . . 1	
St. Lawrence . . . . . 1	
Sandrock . . . . . 3 18	
2.	3.
Sandrock to Blackgang . . . . . 2	Alum Bay to Freshwater . . . . . 2
Chale . . . . . 1	Yarmouth . . . . . 3
Kingston . . . . . 2	Shalfleet . . . . . 4
	Newtown . . . . . 1
	Carisbrooke . . . . . 4
	Newport . . . . . 1
	Wootton Bridge . . . . . 4
	Ryde . . . . . 3 22

## DAY JOURNEYS FROM RYDE.

Ryde to Brading . . . . . 4	Blackgang Chine . . . . . 1
Sandown . . . . . 2	Merston . . . . . 7
Lake . . . . . 1	Arreton . . . . . 1
Shanklin . . . . . 2	Haven Street . . . . . 2
Bonchurch . . . . . 3	Ryde . . . . . 3 31
Ventnor . . . . . 1	
Wroxal . . . . . 2	Ryde to Wootton . . . . . 3
Appuldurcombe . . . . . 1	Newport . . . . . 4
Newchurch . . . . . 4	Carisbrooke . . . . . 1
Ashey Down . . . . . 2	West Cowes . . . . . 6
Ryde . . . . . 4 26	Newport . . . . . 5
	Ryde . . . . . 7 26
Ryde to Newport . . . . . 7	Or Ferry to East Cowes—
Carisbrooke . . . . . 1	Whippingham . . . . . 3
Gatcombe . . . . . 2	Wootton Bridge . . . . . 3
Chale . . . . . 6	Ryde . . . . . 3 23

# THREE DAYS' TOUR FROM RYDE.

1.

Cowes to Northwood	...	...	2
Parkhurst	...	...	1
Newport	...	...	1
Carisbrooke	...	...	1
Swainston	...	...	3
Calbourne	...	...	1
Thorley	...	...	4
Yarmouth	...	...	2
Alum Bay	...	...	4
Needles	...	...	1
Freshwater Gate	...	...	2 22

2.

Freshwater Gate to Brooke	...	4
Mottistone	...	1
Brixton	...	2
Shorwell	...	2
Kingston	...	1

Chale	...	...	...	3
Blackgang	...	...	...	1
Sandrock	...	...	...	1
Niton	...	...	...	1
St. Lawrence	...	...	...	2
Ventnor	...	...	...	2
Bonchurch	...	...	...	1
Shanklin	...	...	...	3 24

3.

Shanklin to Sandown	...	...	3
Yaverland	...	...	2
Bembridge	...	...	3
St. Helen's	...	...	1
The Priory	...	...	1
St. Clare	...	...	2
Ryde	...	...	1
Wootton Bridge	...	...	3
Whippingham	...	...	4
East Cowes	...	...	2 22

## EASTERN TOUR FROM NEWPORT.

Newport to Wootton Bridge...	4	Yaverland ... ..	3
Ryde... ..	3	Sandown ... ..	2
St. Clare ... ..	1	Brading ... ..	2
The Priory ... ..	2	Ashy ... ..	2
St. Helen's ... ..	1	Down-end ... ..	2
Bembridge (Ferry) ... ..	1	Newport... ..	3 26

## WESTERN TOUR FROM NEWPORT.

Newport to Carisbrooke...	1	Needles ... ..	3½
Shorwell ... ..	4	Alum Bay ... ..	1
Brixton ... ..	2	Yarmouth ... ..	6
Mottistone ... ..	2	Calbourne ... ..	6
Brooke ... ..	1	Swainston ... ..	1
Freshwater Gate ... ..	4	Newport ... ..	4 35½

## SOUTH TOUR FROM NEWPORT.

Newport to Arreton...	...	4	Niton	...	...	2
Shanklin	...	6	Sandrock	...	...	1
Bonchurch	...	3	Blackgang	...	...	1
Ventnor	...	1	Niton	...	...	2
Steephill	...	1	Rookley	...	...	4
St. Lawrence	...	1	Newport	...	...	4 30

# The Tourist's Companion.

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## ALUM BAY:—

*The Needles Hotel*, Beazley.

## BEMBRIDGE:—

*Bembridge Hotel*,

## BLACKGANG:—

*The Chine Hotel*, Jones.

## BONCHURCH:—

*Bonchurch Hotel*, Ribbands.

## BRADING:—

*The Bugle Inn*, Day.

## BRIXTON:—

*The Five Bells Inn*,

*New Inn*, Downer.

## CALBOURNE:—

*Sun Inn*, Woodford.

## CARISBROOKE:—

*Eight Bells Inn*, Cantelo.

## COWES, WEST:—

*Fountain Hotel*, Bull. (Adjoining the Pier.)

*Aris's Hotel*. (High-street.)

*Vine Inn*, Dawson. (High-street.)

*Marine Inn*, Aires. (High-street.)

*Globe Inn*, Lowe. (High-street.)

## COWES, EAST:—

*Medina Hotel*,

*Prince of Wales*, Cox, (Near Osborne.)

## FRESHWATER:—

*Red Lion Inn*, Sawley.

## FRESHWATER GATE:—

*Albion Hotel*, Murrow.

*The Hotel*, Lambert.

## GODSHILL:—

*The Griffin*, Smith.

## NEWPORT:—

*Bugle Inn*, Mew. (High-street.)

*Green Dragon Inn*, Warburton. (Pyle-street.)

*Star Inn*, Lambert. (St. James's-street.)

*Lamb Tavern*, Reed. (High-street.)

*Grapes Inn*, Chipp. (Node-hill.)

*Rose and Crown*, Marshall. (Corn Market.)

*Wheatsheaf*, Read. (Corn Market.)

## NITON:—

*White Lion Inn*,

*Buddle Inn*,

PUCKASTER COVE:—

*Royal Victoria Hotel*, Jones. (On the Beach.)

RYDE:—

*Pier Hotel*, Barnes. (Adjoining the Pier.)

*Yelf's Hotel*. (Union-street.)

*Kent Hotel*, Roper. (Union-street.)

*Royal Eagle Hotel*, Newman. (Opposite the Pier.)

*York Hotel*, Oldfield. (George-street.)

*Sivier's Hotel*. (On the Beach.)

*Crown Commercial Hotel*, Woodrow. (St. Thomas'-sq.)

*Star Inn*, Elkins. (High-street.)

*Vine Inn*, Saunders. (On the Beach.)

*Castle Inn*, Vanner. (High-street.)

*Fleming's Arms*, Hill. (Binstead.)

SANDOWN:—

*King's Head*, Tucker.

*Star and Garter Hotel*, Brooks.

*Sandown Hotel*, Hale.

SANDROCK:—

*Royal Sandrock Hotel*, Bush.

SHANKLIN:—

*Williams' Hotel*.

*Daish's Hotel*.

*Crab Inn*, Blow.

VENTNOR:—

*Royal Hotel*, Taylor. (Belgrave-road.)

*Marine Hotel*, Bush. (Belgrave-road.)

*St. Boniface Hotel*, Bailey. (High-street.)

*Esplanade Hotel*, Cumming.

*Crab and Lobster*, Cass. (Spring-hill.)

*Commercial Inn*, Nicholas. (High-street.)

YARMOUTH:—

*George Hotel*, Bright.

*Bugle Inn*, Butler.

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REGISTRARS.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—

Ryde .....	R. Ellman	Whipping-	
Newport.....	J. Moore	ham.....	G. K. Whitmarsh
Godshill .....	J. D. Porter	Shalfleet...	J. Woodford

MARRIAGES.—

Ventnor .....	A. Muggeridge	Ryde.....	S. Young
Carisbrooke .	J. Sayer		

RELIEVING OFFICERS.

Ryde .....	R. Ellman	Whipping-	
Newport.....	R. S. Hearn	ham.....	G. K. Whitmarsh
Godshill.....	R. Moses	Calbourne .	J. Woodford

CORONER for the Isle of Wight—*Frederick Blake, Esq., Newport.*

# POPULATION, ETC., OF THE COUNTY OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

## CENSUS OF 1851.

Parishes.	Persons, 1831.	Persons, 1841.	Persons, 1851.
Arreton . . . . .	1,864	1,964	1,902
Binstead . . . . .	258	445	317
Bonchurch . . . . .	146	302	523
Brading . . . . .	2,227	2,701	3,046
Brixton . . . . .	641	710	695
Brooke . . . . .	125	150	143
Calbourne . . . . .	766	756	781
Carisbrooke . . . . .	4,713	5,613	7,630
Chale . . . . .	544	609	629
Freshwater . . . . .	1,184	1,299	1,393
Gatcombe . . . . .	263	306	260
Godshill . . . . .	1,305	1,435	1,296
Kingstone . . . . .	83	73	65
Mottistone . . . . .	142	176	157
Newchurch . . . . .	4,928	8,203	11,549
Newport . . . . .	4,081	3,851	3,994
Niton . . . . .	573	611	684
Northwood . . . . .	4,491	5,147	5,612
St. Helen's . . . . .	953	1,373	1,948
St. Lawrence. . . . .	78	114	111
St. Nicholas . . . . .	317	275	265
Shalfleet . . . . .	1,049	1,212	1,245
Shanklin . . . . .	255	462	355
Shorwell . . . . .	699	714	678
Thorley . . . . .	146	163	154
Whippingham . . . . .	2,229	2,518	3,101
Whitwell . . . . .	556	660	637
Wootton . . . . .	55	51	58
Yarmouth . . . . .	586	567	573
Yaverland . . . . .	96	80	78
	35,363	42,547	49,879

Population of Ryde—in 1831, 3,396; in 1851, 7,147.



# TO TOURISTS & TRAVELLERS,

Visitors to the Sea Coast, and to those who enjoy the Fashionable Promenade, the Ride, and Drive; in all cases Fervid Heat, and its concomitant, Dust, materially injure the Skin, producing Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, and Discolorations of an almost indelible character. To obviate and eradicate these baneful results, recourse may with confidence be had to

## ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

An Oriental Botanical Preparation. Whether resorted to in its specific character as a thorough purifier of existing defects of an eruptive nature, and discolorations of the skin, or as a benign Preserver and Promoter of its already bright and glowing tints, this

### ELEGANT TOILET REQUISITE

has, in every instance, maintained its claim to the title of the  
"UNFAILING AUXILIARY OF FEMALE GRACE."

During SUMMER and AUTUMN, which are peculiarly the seasons of Fashionable Movements, the invigorating and refreshing properties of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR will be found singularly agreeable to

### LADIES TRAVELLING

The effects produced by temporary exposure to solar heat, upon the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands being neutralized, and the cloud induced by relaxation and languor dispelled by its power of sustaining a perfect elasticity of the skin; without which certain deterioration takes place; thus in the usual periodical visits made to the coast, Rowlands' Kalydor is indispensable as a preservative of the skin after

### SEA BATHING,

from the irritation caused by the chemical action of saline vapour.

From the sultry climes of India and drawing rooms of Calcutta and Madras, to the Frozen realms of the North, this exotic preparation is perfectly innoxious, acting in all cases by promoting a healthy tone of the minute vessels, and is the most elegant as well as effective Toilet appendage hitherto submitted to universal patronage. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d per bottle.

**CAUTION.**—The words "ROWLANDS' KALYDOR" are on the Wrapper, and "A. ROWLAND & SONS" in red ink at foot.

The heat of Summer frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation. and as an invigorator and purifier beyond all precedent.

Nor at this season can we be too careful to preserve the Teeth from the deleterious effects of Vegetable Acids (the immediate cause of Tooth-ache) by a systematic employment, night and morning, of

## ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE;

A White Powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics. It bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like Whiteness, frees them from Tartar, and imparts to the Gums a healthy firmness, and to the Breath a grateful sweetness and purity. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

*The patronage of Royalty throughout Europe, their general use by the Aristocracy, and the elite of Fashion, and the well-known infallible efficacy of these articles, have given them a celebrity unparalleled.*

Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden,  
London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

**YORK & PIER HOTEL,**  
**GRAND PARADE,**  
**HIGH STREET, PORTSMOUTH.**

---

The most comfortable and economical Hotel for Families,  
 Visitors, and Commercial.

---

**The House is delightfully situated.**

Army and Navy Gentlemen will find this establishment  
 most advantageous, being

**NEAR THE VICTORIA PIER & SALLY PORT.**

---

*Packets leave for the Isle of Wight, Southampton, and all  
 other parts, and*

**OMNIBUSES CALL TO & FROM THE STATION.**

---

**LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS**

Provided on the shortest notice.

---

**FLYS & POST HORSES.**

A Night Porter in attendance on the arrival of the  
 Mail Train.

---

**CHARLES ROSE, Proprietor.**

*N.B.—The Military Bands play in the front of the Hotel  
 every Evening.*

**WATKIN'S**  
**COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY**  
**HOTEL,**  
**ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE,**  
**PORTSEA.**

---

This Hotel is respectfully recommended to Commercial Gentlemen and Families visiting this neighbourhood, being replete with every comfort and convenience ;

SITUATE

IN AN OPEN & CENTRAL POSITION  
 FOR BUSINESS,

AND

Within five minutes' walk of the Portsea Pier  
 and Dock Yard.

—o—

*Omnibuses to and from Train.*

—o—

**Wines & Spirits of the best quality.**



# ALL ENGLAND SAUCE,

For Steaks, Chops, Hot and Cold Meats,  
Game, Hashes, Soups, and Made Dishes.

London Tavern, Dec. 18, 1856.

To Mr. Jeffery, Portsmouth.

Dear Sir,—We have much pleasure in certifying, that at the dinner given at Portsmouth, on the 16th September, to the Sailors and Soldiers who had served in the Crimea, and more particularly at the Banquet given to the Officers on the following day, your All England Sauce was HIGHLY APPROVED OF, and we consider it VERY GOOD, and a most excellent Sauce either for large entertainments or domestic use.

We remain, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

BATH, FUNGE, & PALMER.

PREPARED BY

ISAAC JEFFERY, Penny Street, Portsmouth.  
and sold by all respectable Grocers.

## Allnutts' Fruit Lozenges,

*For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Hoarseness, &c.*

PREPARED SOLELY FROM THE

**BLACK CURRANT.**

Be careful to ask for "ALLNUTTS' FRUIT LOZENGES," prepared only by the Proprietors, Allnutt and Son, Queen Street, Portsea.

Public Speakers and Singers will find them peculiarly beneficial. Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. each, by all Patent Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom.

WHERE ALSO, MAY BE HAD, PREPARED BY THE ABOVE,

**AROMATIC**

**FUMIGATING OR PASTILLE PAPER,**

Its principal advantages are, the *quickness* and *certainty* of its smouldering, and its very great fragrance.

*Sold in Packets, 6d. each.*

A packet forwarded free by post on receipt of 7 stamps.

THE NOTED

**HAT AND CAP WAREHOUSE,***(Established upwards of half a century,)*

129, QUEEN STREET, PORTSEA.

**F. ELLYETT**

Invites an inspection of his stock of HATS, CAPS, Children's FANCIES, &c., which will be found to be one of the best selected in the county.

F. Ellyett particularly recommends the newly invented

**ZEPHYR HATS**

as a great preventative to Head-ache, and strongly recommended by the Faculty, being light elastic, and warranted to retain its shape in all climates.

*Observe the address:—129, Queen-street, Portsea.*

**VECTIS TAVERN,**

2, GRAND PARADE, PORTSMOUTH.

**JOHN STRATTON.****CHOPS & STEAKS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.****WELL-AIRED BEDS.**

**B**ORDEAUX BRANDY, Pale or Brown, equal to the finest Cognac brands. One dozen cases, as imported, at 45s., delivered free to all the railway stations on receipt of post-office order, or other remittances, payable at the Pimlico post-office to the consignees, W. J. HOLLIBONE and SON, wine and spirit importers, Halkin-wharf, Pimlico.

**F**LOWER'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, ~~opposite the Rail-  
way Terminus, and near the Docks, Southampton.~~

Breakfast, ~~6d.~~ Ditto, (with meat or egg,) 1s. <sup>3</sup> Dinner, 1s. <sup>3</sup> *up*  
Tea, 10d.; Bed, 1s. Private Sitting-rooms when required.

Observe the Red Lamp!! over the Door.

# ISLE OF WIGHT HOUSE.

---

**J. WARNE,**  
**VINE HOTEL & TAVERN,**  
*SOUTHAMPTON.*

---

The House is situated close to the Quay and Royal Pier  
 and only

Three minutes' walk from the Railway & Docks.

---

*Large airy Bedrooms and Private Sitting-rooms.*

---

**MR. G. HAMMOND,**  
**MUSIC SALOON, SOUTHAMPTON,**  
**PROFESSOR OF THE HARP,**

And (by Special Appointment,)

**PIANOFORTE TUNER,**  
**TO HER MAJESTY**

AND

*HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUCHES OF KENT,*

Attends periodically at the principal Resident Families  
 in all parts of the Isle of Wight.

---

*Orders by post receive immediate attention.*



**RANDALL'S**  
**SODA WATER, POTASH WATER,**  
**SELTZER WATER,**  
**EFFERVESCING LEMONADE, GINGERADE,**  
**NECTAR, & GINGER BEER**

May be had of the principal Druggists and Confectioners throughout Hampshire, Dorsetshire, Sussex, and the Isle of Wight; also at the chief Hotels and Refreshment Rooms.

The above Articles are also manufactured expressly for Shipping and Exportation.

The cork of every bottle is branded with the name and address, **RANDALL and SON, SOUTHAMPTON.**

Agents for Mayo, Watson, and Co.'s Patent Valvular Bottles, from which Soda Water, etc., may be drawn in small quantities, as required.

**GOUT AND RHEUMATISM**

Effectually relieved by taking

**Wride's celebrated Gout and Rheumatic Pills,**

Prepared only by

**T. B. WRIDE, Chemist, East Street, Southampton.**

**B. FABRONIUS'S**  
**EATING HOUSE,**

*59, FRENCH STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.*

**Well Aired Beds.**

**RESTAURANT. BOON LY.**

**NEWPORT ARMS INN,**

*CORN MARKET.*

**MARY ALDRIDGE.**

*Spirits, Ales, Porter, Soda Water, Lemonade, &c.*

Good Beds, and accommodation for Visitors.

# MEDICAL BOTANY.

---

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man.—PSALM civ. 13, 14.

---

## MR. HOOKER,

PROFESSOR OF

## MEDICAL BOTANY,

*No. 54, Nodehill, Newport, Isle of Wight.*

---

HEALTH, being the foundation of every earthly blessing, without which the wealthy, educated, and otherwise highly favored, are often truly miserable; that which can help us to understand ourselves, and the conditions of healthy life, ought to be preservingly sought after, as a treasure of more value than silver or gold.

Now, when it is considered, that all life is subject to decay; that there are numerous causes ever existing around us, which necessarily lead to disease; that the slightest infraction or violation of the laws which preserve the body in health, immediately induces suffering, in a greater or lesser degree, and that that suffering, however slight or simple it may be, if not removed by timely aid, will possibly lead to disorganization and death; it behoves us all to consider well the means of preventing, as well as of removing, the same.

The first question, then, that must occur to every thinking mind, is, What means are necessary in order to preserve the body in the full vigour of health? And secondly, How can disease be removed from the system, after it has taken possession of it?

Now, in order to accomplish the first, we should consider the conditions established by God, on which depend our enjoyment of health, and its advantages. As rational creatures, we are bound to do this, if we do not, we cannot expect to obtain them, for health cannot be left to chance, nor has any one a right to expect its blessings if he neglect the duties connected with them.

The conditions of healthy life, then, are sobriety, cleanliness, pure air, water and food, proper clothing and shelter, employment, recreation, and rest. To obtain and combine all these should be the endeavour of every one. Man, however, being a finite and fallible creature, commits in his progress through life, many errors, and may meet with many accidents, which militate against his well being, and disturb the harmony and order of his system. I would ask you, then, to consider the economy of nature, and you will find that since all mankind are liable to suffer, there is a provision made by the Creator, for the relief of that suffering (of whatever kind it be), in beautiful accordance with all His ways of mercy and grace, to the creature He has so fearfully and wonderfully made.

The Vegetable Kingdom contains all that is needed for the preservation of human life and health. Its productions are the provision ordained by God for that purpose, food and medicine having their origin from the same source. My desire in this circular is, to direct your attention to the remedies which grow in the fields around you, and to induce you to test them for yourselves, and you will soon be convinced that there never was or ever can be any other efficient medicine. It has for some years been, and will continue to be, my whole study and pleasure, to bring to light a great and copious store of these Herbal remedies, which are far more potent in removing and eradicating disease, than all the mineral or poisonous drugs ever employed. I trust you will not despise them because they are simple, or because their virtues are told in the plain language of your mother-tongue. Remember that all truth is simple, and surely that which exists as a universal good must be equally accessible to all.

In laying before you the following statement of the efficacy of these medicines, and of the cures performed by their means, I sincerely and earnestly desire gratefully to ascribe all my success to the blessing with which our gracious Lord has been pleased to accompany my endeavours for the relief of our suffering fellow-creatures. To God alone all the praise is due !

On these principles, then, and with an extensive knowledge of the Medical properties of our English Herbs, Mr. Hooker, Medical Botanist, Newport, Isle of Wight, has treated almost every variety of ailments with extraordinary success.

His great success in cases of Consumptive Affections, of Chest Complaints, of Indigestion, of Nervous Debility, of Dropsy, Stricture, Rheumatism, &c., where the usual remedies of the faculty had failed, has obtained for him the notice and patronage of several Clergymen and Gentlemen, to some of the members of whose families his attendance and Medicines have been most serviceable; they are, therefore, anxious that he and his Medicines should be known and made public for the benefit of those whose diseases or complaints withstand the skill of the Physician and Apothecary.

His Pills are made of the seeds of some of the most ordinary field plants, and are a most efficacious remedy for Coughs, Colds, or Indigestion, a most efficacious remedy for Asthma, Tightness of the Chest, Wheezing, Difficulty of Breathing, or Consumptive Habits, Inflammation of the Stomach, Pains in the Chest or Side, Bilious and Liver Complaints. His Drinks, concocted from the Roots of the same, are excellent Tonics and Nervines. His Powder of Barks (obtained from British and American Trees) boiled in milk, is most beneficial to the Consumptive Patient. His Liniment (for the receipt of which he has had high pecuniary offers) is of inestimable value, as applied to Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatic Affections, Sore Throat, Chilblains, Tooth Ache, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Abrasions, and the like.

Mr. H. has also an efficient remedy for Cholera, or any form of flux of whatever degree.

In Nervous Complaints, whether causing debility or excitement, including Hysteria, Melancholia, and especially Epilepsy or Fits, Herbal Medicines always give relief, and most commonly effect a complete cure. So also with Hypochondriasis, Delirium Tremens, Scorbutic or Scorfulous Affections, Fistula, Cancers, Abscesses and Tumours, old Bad Legs, all of which, with more or less suffering and perseverance, can, by the use of the same, be always cured.

Mr. H. has also been very successful in the cure of the disease of the Heart, and of Lock Jaw, both which are generally thought incurable; and for the Bite of Mad Dogs there is a sure remedy.

In Consumption, and other grave and especially lingering ailments, Mr. H. prefer to see his patients, though some of his most successful cures have also been effected by letter.

These Medicines can be easily forwarded to any part of the Island, or elsewhere, on a statement of the case of the party requiring them being sent to Mr. Hooker, Medical Botanist, 54, Nodehill, Newport, Isle of Wight.

*ADVICE TO THE POOR GRATIS.*

ESTABLISHED 1813.

---

**JAMES READ,**  
**WHEAT-SHEAF**  
**COMMERCIAL INN,**  
**CORN MARKET, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.**

---

OLD FASHIONED COMFORT.

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*An Ordinary at 1 o'clock.*

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Wines, Spirits, Ales, Porter. Pic-nic Parties supplied.

CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

Dealer in Poultry, Shell Fish, &c.

---

**48, HIGH STREET, NEWPORT,**  
 (Nearly opposite the Bugle Inn.)

---

**J. ALDERSLADE,**  
**PLUMBER, PAINTER, GLAZIER,**  
**AND PAPER-HANGER,**

Begs to inform his Friends and the Public in general,  
 that he has a great variety of

**PAPER-HANGINGS,**

From 4d. per piece;

Also, a choice selection of Patterns of Paper of the  
 Newest style for Genteel Residences.

---

**Ready-made Paints, Lead, Oil, and Glass,**

At the lowest prices.

---

*Workmen sent to any part of the Island.*

## BILLIARDS.

**A.** READ begs to call the attention of Gentlemen to his BILLIARD ROOM, Lower St. James' Street, Newport. The Table and its equipment is equal to these of first-class London Establishments; and the Cues have been selected with the greatest care.

*N.B.—American Bowls, and Rifle and Pistol Practice.*

~~71, HIGH STREET, NEWPORT.~~

*Church Place*

**GOSDEN'S**

Temperance, Coffee and Dining Rooms.

*Moderate Charges.*

WELL-AIRED BEDS.

**Star Inn and Commercial Hotel,**  
NEWPORT.

**WILLIAM LAMBERT, Proprietor.**

**Wines and Spirits**

OF THE BEST QUALITY.

**POST HORSES AND CARRIAGES.**

*Coaches to Cowes, Ryde and Ventnor every day.*

**C**ARISBROOKE CASTLE INN, in the Village of Carisbrooke.

*WILLIAM CANTELO, Proprietor.*

Free Ale.—Stout and Spirit Stores. Refreshments provided at moderate charges. Good Stabling.

**ST. BONIFACE HOTEL,**  
FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL,

Is situated with fine sea views and facing the romantic valley of  
**BONCHURCH;**

It is replete with comfort, and is well calculated for the Tourist as also the Invalid.—The charges will be found strictly moderate,

**GOOD STABLING.**



# CARISBROOKE VILLAGE.

---

**J. KING,**  
**CONFECTIONER, BAKER,**  
*GROCCER, &c.*

---

Visitors to this Picturesque situation in the Island, can be accommodated with

COMFORTABLE APARTMENTS

COMMANDING A

BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE CASTLE.

---

Terms will be found moderate.

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## **RED LION INN,** CARISBROOKE VILLAGE, *ISLE OF WIGHT.*

A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE RENOWNED CASTLE.

---

**RICHARD GUY,**  
 DEALER IN

**Wines, Spirits, Ales, and Stout.**

---

**REFRESHMENTS**

Provided on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms.  
 Private SITTING ROOMS and well-aired BEDS.

GOOD STABLING.

*Coaches from Cowes and Ryde daily.*

ESPLANADE  
**FAMILY HOTEL,**  
 AND  
**BOARDING-HOUSE,**  
**VENTNOR.**

---

**JAMES CUMMING**

Begs respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has opened the above Establishment—replete with every accommodation for Visitors, Families, and Commercial Gentlemen—on the most moderate scale of charges.

The above Hotel possesses advantages rarely to be found. It commands an

**UNINTERRUPTED VIEW OF THE SEA;**

which, combined with the salubrity of its situation, renders it

**A desirable retreat for Invalids, &c.**

---

FAMILIES SUPPLIED WITH  
**Genuine Wines, Spirits, Ales, Porter, &c.**

**W. B. GIVEN,**  
**PRACTICAL WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,**  
 HIGH STREET, VENTNOR,

Repairs all kind of Foreign Watches and Clocks ; Vertical, Lever, Chronometer, Duplex, Geneva, and Horizontal Watches.

W. B. G. has on hand for sale, a variety of Brooches, Bracelets, Isle of Wight Stones, and Foreign Shells.

N.B.—Jewellery and Silver Plate carefully repaired. Hair plaited for Bracelets and Brooches. Clocks kept in repair by the year, and lent out by the month. Barometers adjusted.

**BURT & Co.,**  
**VENTNOR BREWERY,**  
 And Blenheim House, High Street, Ventnor.

Importers of Foreign Wines; Brewers and Coal Merchants. Families supplied with Ale in small casks. Bottled Ales.

Sole Agents for Guinness' Stout.

**J. P. DURANT,**  
**Watch & Clock Maker, Silversmith, Jeweller,**  
**Optician, and Lapidary.**

J. P. D. solicits the attention of Visitors to his Stock of genuine Island Pebbles and Diamonds, in Bracelets, Brooches, &c., which are cut, polished, and mounted on the premises. Parties may depend on having real Island Stones when required.

*Jewellery neatly repaired at the shortest notice.*

Church-street, opposite the Post Office, Ventnor.

**SANDOWN.**

**JAMES WOODNUTT,**  
**ROYAL STANDARD INN.**

Chaire Spirits. Bottled Ales and Stout.

*Private Apartments Furnished.*

GOOD STABLING. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE. COACHES CALL  
 DAILY.

**JOHNSTONE & WELCH,**  
**FURNISHING & GENERAL IRONMONGERS,**  
 SMITHS, BELL HANGERS AND GAS FITTERS,  
**SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.**

Moderator and Candle Lamps cleaned and repaired. Lamp Oils and Candles.

Houses and Conservatories heated by hot water. Every description of ornamental and plain Wire-work made to order.

**SANDOWN.**

**J. HERBERT,**  
**BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,**  
**PROVIDENCE HOUSE.**

A good assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes. American Overshoes.

*Comfortable furnished Apartments on moderate terms.*

**THE HOTEL, SHANKLIN.**

J. A. DAISH begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and visitors to this old-established Hotel—which presents splendid Marine and Inland Views—the walks and drives in the neighbourhood are of the most pleasing and picturesque character, and

**THE BATHING,**

**THE BEST ON THE COAST.**

Refreshments of the best quality, and the WINES and SPIRITS have been carefully selected; and in order to meet the requirements of Tourists, the

**HORSES AND CARRIAGES**

are of first-rate description—at moderate charges.

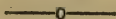
# JAMES COLENUTT,

(From Mr. Wavell's, Ryde,)

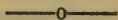
**CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,**

**HIGH STREET,**

**S A N D O W N .**



Prescriptions carefully prepared.



*DRUGS AND CHEMICALS*

Of the purest quality.



**Pure Soda Water, Lemonade, &c.**



**PERFUMERY,**

**AND ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET,**

In great variety.



**STATIONERY AND MUSIC REPOSITORY.**



**Piano Fortes for Hire.**

**JANE LOCKE,**

Wholesale and Retail

**CORN AND HAY MERCHANT,**

No. 4, High Street, Ryde, and at High Street, Ventnor.

---

Flour, Beans, Peas, Pollard, Middlings, Barley and Barley Meal, Scotch Oatmeal, Hay, Straw, &c.

---

**STEPHEN INCHCOMBE,****CORN DEALER AND MEALMAN,**

John-street, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Best Wheaten Flour, Bran, Pollard, Barley-Meal, Split Beans and Peas, Malt and Hops, and Scotch Oatmeal. Hay & Straw.

Seeds of all descriptions.

---

**THOMAS HUDSON, P.H.S.,**

CONSULTING AGENT FOR MORISON'S PILLS, having had Thirty Years' experience of the efficacy of the above Medicine. 200 persons were cured of the Cholera in the years 1831 & 1832.

8, High Street, Ryde.

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**M. BEECROFT,****GROCER, TEA AND COFFEE DEALER, &c.**

1, Melville Street, Ryde.

*Wiltshire Ale and London Stout on draught.*

---

**GEORGE FENWICK,****WORKING BOOKBINDER AND STATIONER,**

48, High-street, Ryde.

Music, Magazines, Periodicals, and Books of every description procured to order.—A London Parcel received four times a week.

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**THOMAS STREET,****PAINTER, PLUMBER, AND GLAZIER,**

8, SPENCER ROAD, RYDE.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

FOUNTAIN COTTAGE, BUCKINGHAM ROAD.



**T. SIVELL,**

**Family Tea, Grocery, & Provision Warehouse.**

**Dealer in British Wines,**

**And Agent for Hill & Jones's and Reading Biscuits.**

**Monkton Street, Ryde.**

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**J. A. PROWSE,**

**WOOLLEN DRAPER & TAILOR, &c.,**

**25, Nelson Street, Ryde.**

**FURNISHED APARTMENTS,**

**On moderate Terms.**

---

**KEMP'S**

**ORIGINAL ROYAL BATHS,**

*Established upwards of half a century.*

---

JOSEPH KEMP respectfully informs the Visitors and Public that, in succeeding to the above business, the Partnership in Warm Baths with Mr. Williams is dissolved.

N.B.—The above are the cheapest Baths in the Island. Sea Bathing at any hour of the day.

---

**CHARLES KNIGHT,**

**HOUSE AND ESTATE AGENT,**

**1, PIER STREET, RYDE.**

---

Every information given respecting Houses and Apartments by letter, or personally, without charge.

*Maps, Guides, and Views of the Island, Stationery, &c.*

---

**Duke of Wellington Tavern,**

**Opposite the Pier, Ryde.**

**GEORGE HAINES, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT.**  
 Home-brewed Ales.—London Draught and Bottled Stout.  
 Economical Eating Establishment.—Dinners & Teas Provided for  
 Parties on the shortest notice. Well-aired Beds.

# SIVIER'S HOTEL, RYDE,

DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE SEA,

To the right of the Pier,

AND

CLOSE TO THE R. V. YACHT CLUB HOUSE,

Commanding one uninterrupted

**View of Spithead and the Solent,**

TOGETHER WITH

*THE HAMPSHIRE & SUSSEX COASTS.*

---

The House has been re-built and handsomely Furnished with every attention to comfort, having

**A LANDING FOR BOATS,**

It offers great facilities to Yachting Parties.

---

*The Charges are strictly moderate.*

---

**First-rate Posting to all parts of the Island.**

---

**COACHES & OMNIBUSES**

Start from the door.

**F. N. BRODERICK & Co.,**

**ENGRAVERS, PRINTERS, &c.,**

HIGH STREET, RYDE,

**ISLE OF WIGHT,**

Having had long experience in the production of Pictorial and Commercial Work, in London, with confidence assert that they are able to compete with London Houses, in Materials, Charges, and Execution of all work with which they may be entrusted.

**DESIGNS AND DRAWINGS**

furnished for every description of

**ARTISTIC & COMMERCIAL WORK**

VIGNETTS AND TITLE-PAGES FOR POETICAL  
AND OTHER WORKS.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PERIODICAL WORKS,  
PUNCTUALLY EXECUTED.

**MAPS, PLANS, ETC.**

Every description of

**Forms for Commercial Transactions,**

Plain and Ornamental Trade Cards, Bill Heads, Labels, Receipts, Note Headings, &c. Bankers' Notes, Drafts, &c., Bills of Lading, and of Exchange, &c.

**FOREIGN ORDERS**

EXECUTED IN

*FRENCH, GERMAN, RUSSIAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN,  
and other Languages.*

Carefully packed, and promptly dispatched.

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Orders delivered, carriage free, in all parts of London, &c.

# WEDDING CARDS

## FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

*Free by post to all parts of the United Kingdom.*

---

Orders securely packed, delivered free in all parts of London, &c. Orders to the amount of 30s. packed in a case and sent free to any Railway-station in the Kingdom.

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**F. N. BRODERICK & Co.,**  
**ENGRAVERS, PRINTERS, &c.,**  
 HIGH STREET, RYDE,  
 ISLE OF WIGHT,

Respectfully invite attention to their elegantly engraved Wedding Cards, beautifully printed on the finest English and French Cards—for style and finish not to be surpassed.

*Wedding Ties, Envelopes, "At home" Notes, Cards, &c.*

---

**The most recent Designs in great variety.**

---

Samples sent by post on receipt of 30 postage stamps, half of which will be allowed for on any subsequent order.

---

F. N. B. & Co's Visiting and Invitation Cards and Notes, Ball Programmes, &c. Book Labels and Mourning Cards are equal in style and finish to those executed by the first-class London Establishments.

---

*Note Paper and Envelopes Embossed with Arms, Crests, or Reverse Ciphers, &c., Plain and in every variety of Colour.*

*NITON, UNDERCLIFF.*

---

VICTORIA HOTEL,  
AND  
**BATHS.**

Proprietor---Mr. JONES.

---

The House is situate on the BEACH, and is replete  
with every comfort.

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**SEA BATHING.**

**HOT AND COLD SEA-WATER BATHS.**

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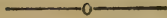
Lodgings for Private Families.

**GOOD STABLING.**

R O Y A L

## SANDROCK HOTEL,

NITON.

**GEORGE BUSH,**

Respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry,  
and Visitors to the UNDERCLIFF, that, at the  
above Hotel, every comfort may be obtained  
at reasonable rates.



C O A C H E S

*Pass daily, during the Summer months.*



# VISITORS TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT

REQUIRING

## Furnished Apartments,

with or without Board, will meet with every convenience and comfort, combined with moderate charges, at

## CHESTER HOUSE,

*EAST COWES,*

within ten minutes' walk of Osborne, commanding

EXTENSIVE SEA VIEWS.

The Walks in the vicinity are most delightful. To the Invalid, from its cheerful situation and pleasant

## SCENERY,

much will be found to please and occupy the mind and to assist in restoring health.

To the Pleasure-seeker, from its central position, all that is of interest in this beautiful Island, is easy of access by steam or coach.

The Royal Yacht Squadron Club House is near at hand, and those magnificent specimens of Marine Architecture—the Royal Yacht Squadron—lie opposite, interspersed with the ships of all nations, forming a most beautiful panorama.

---

*Every attention will be paid to the comfort of the Visitor.*

---

**W. BROWN, Proprietor.**

# EAST COWES PARK ESTATE,

ADJOINING HER MAJESTY'S MARINE RESIDENCE,

OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

---

**M**EMBERS of the Royal Yacht Clubs—Naval Officers—Families in search of health, or pleasant residences—Builders and others—are now invited to inspect this Estate which has just come into new hands, who are determined to exert themselves in developing the resources of this charming spot.

A few nice Villa Residences will shortly be completed, to be either Let or Sold—and the Proprietors are prepared to grant Leases of Plots of land of all sizes, in localities to suit various applicants.

Already many elegant and convenient villas, each standing in its own grounds, ornamentally planted—are erected and most respectably occupied.

The aspect of the Estate is southerly, and the climate is universally known to be very healthy and salubrious.

The Estate is only separated by the main road from H. M. place of retirement—Osborne.

The views are among the most lovely in England, including the animated scenes of the Southampton waters, and of the river Medina—both studded with the splendid Vessels of the Royal Yacht Squadron, immense, stately foreign packet ships, and indeed with vessels of every flag and description. In the distance are the picturesque hills of the New Forest, the hills of Hants, Wilts, and Dorset, and the estate completely overlooks the Towns of East and West Cowes, with the ever green scenery rising in gentle undulations behind the latter. It is thoroughly sheltered by the richly timbered and higher grounds of East Cowes Castle, Norris Castle, and Osborne, and is a most desirable situation for either a winter, or a summer residence.

Having an extensive water frontage—with a soft bottom—there is every convenience for laying up Yachts of all sizes—which can lie under the eye of their owners at all times and seasons.

Applicants may rely on being met in the most liberal spirit, and Bricks, Sand, Lime, &c., can be supplied by the Proprietors on the Estate.

✍ Address, or apply to Mr. R. LANGLEY, Clarence cottage, on the Estate; or to Mr. J. SKINNER, 6, Caroline-street, Bedford-row, London.

London, May 1st.,

1857.

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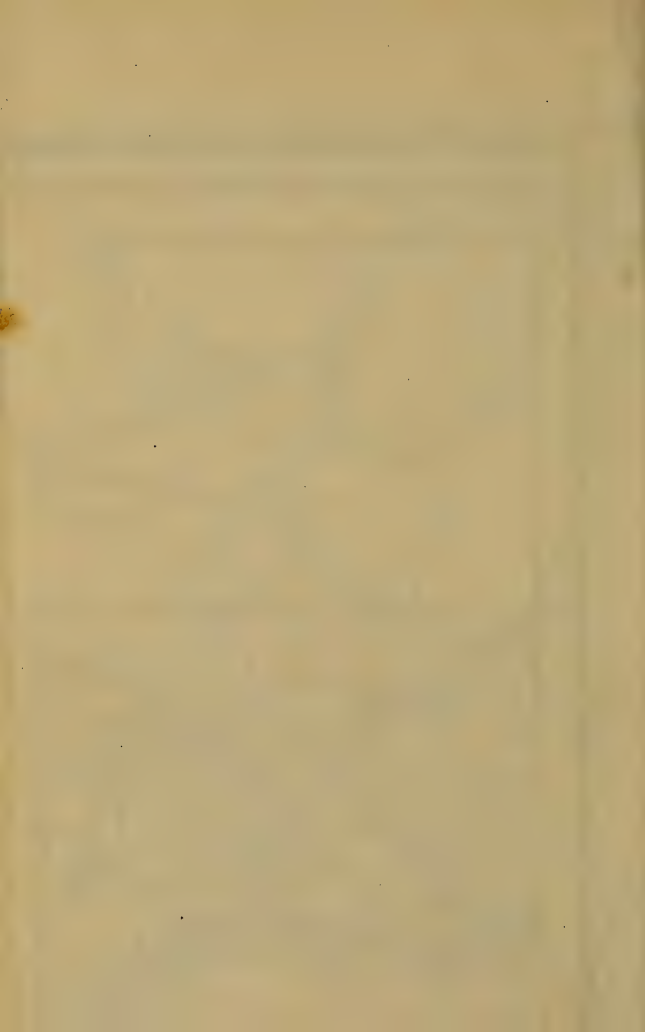
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